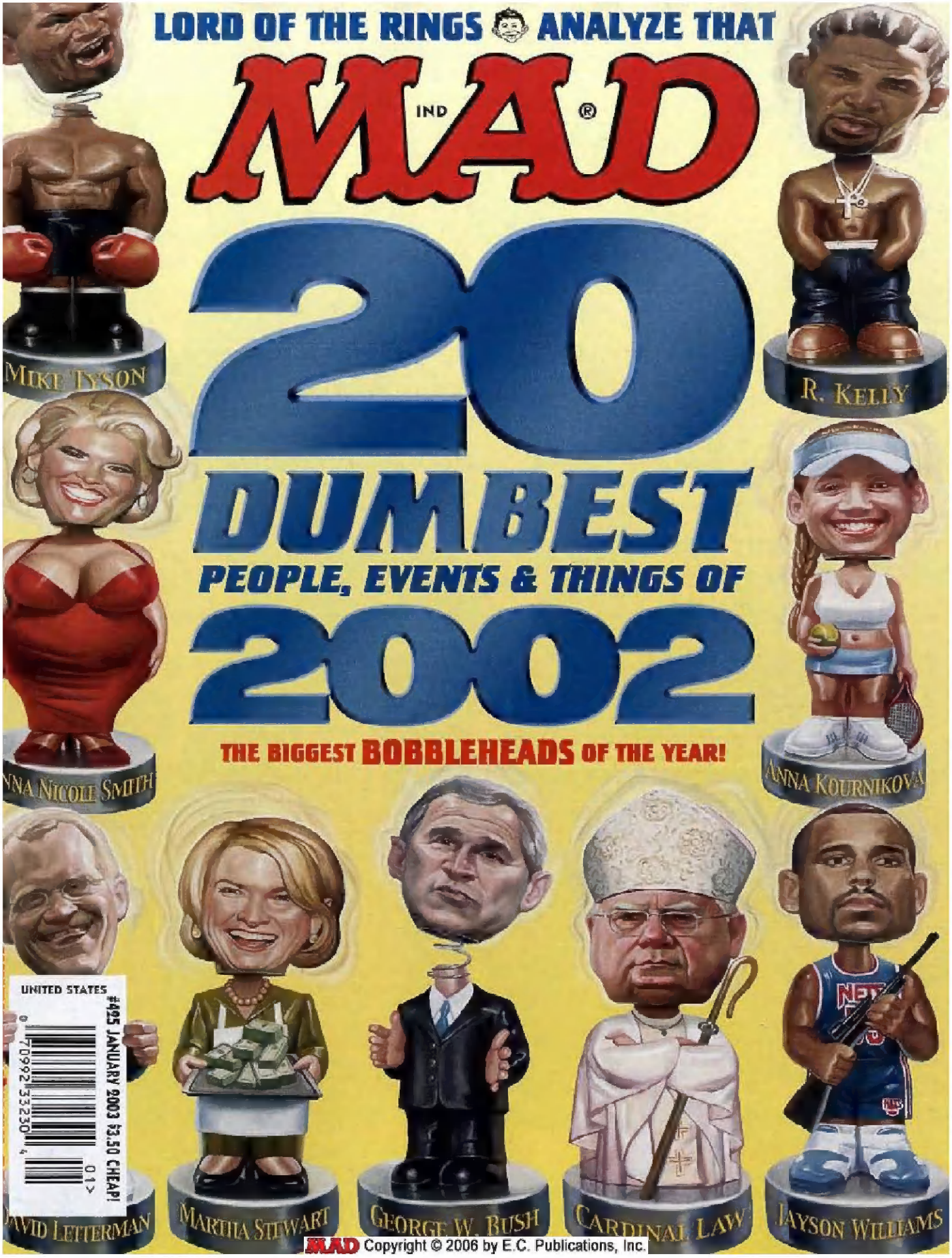
LORD OF THE RINGS ANALYZE THAT

MAD IND ®

20 DUMBEST PEOPLE, EVENTS & THINGS OF 2002

THE BIGGEST BOBBLEHEADS OF THE YEAR!



UNITED STATES
#495 JANUARY 2003 $3.50 CHEAP!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Bring The Party Home, Baby!

Buy it on VHS
and infinifilm™ DVD
DECEMBER 3
and let the party begin!

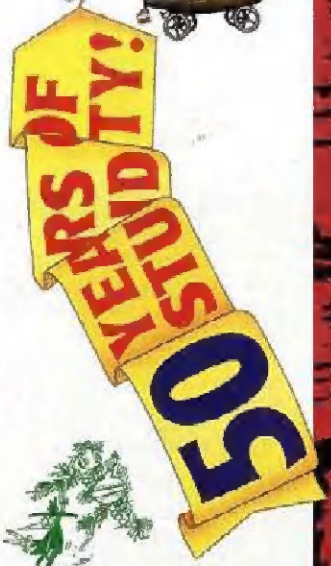
DVD ALSO AVAILABLE IN WIDESCREEN

AMERICA ONLINE KEYWORD: AUSTINPOWERS WWW.AUSTINPOWERS.COM WWW.NEWLINE.COM

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

MAD

JANUARY 2003 NUMBER 425



DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT:
Random Samplings of Reader Mail 2

HONEY, I KID THE SHRINK DEPARTMENT:
"Satirize That" (A MAD Movie Satire) 6

CHEESY DOODLES DEPARTMENT:
A MAD Exclusive! George W. Bush's Notes From His Last Cabinet Meeting 11

DO YOU HEAR WHAT I FEAR? DEPARTMENT:
Christmas Carols for Post 9/11 America 12

THE WIZARD OF ODD DEPARTMENT:
Duke Bissell's Tales of Undisputed Interest 15, 52

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT:
Monroe and...Wedded Bliss 16

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT:
Spy Vs. Spy 20

LOOK WHO'S TOLKIEN DEPARTMENT:
Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers Outtakes 22

ALL BIDDING ASIDE DEPARTMENT:
MAD's Ecchbay Item of the Month 24

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT:
A MAD Look at Golf 28

POPE FICTION DEPARTMENT:
If Quentin Tarantino Ran the Vatican 29

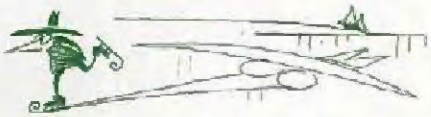
Parents are the ones who are there when you want to be alone with a date and no where to be found when you need five bucks!

THE MAD 20

OUR FIFTH ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE 20 DUMBEST PEOPLE, EVENTS AND THINGS OF THE YEAR!

PAGE 31

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:
"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragonés ..... Various Places Around the Magazine



FRONT COVER ARTIST:
ROBERTO PARADA

MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues $24.00 or 24 issues $45.00 or 36 issues $68.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues $30.00 or 24 issues $57.00 or 36 issues $78.00. (Canadian price has GST tax included.) Entire contents © copyright 2002 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, P.O. Box 52345 Boulder, CO 80322-2345. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. Printed in U.S.A.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

A KICK IN THE CAREER

I've been reading MAD for six years and I also love to make cartoons. When I grow up I wanted to be a comic artist but my parents say I won't make it being one. But anyway, thanks for making MAD and helping inspire me to try and follow my dream.

John Balogh, Langhorne, PA

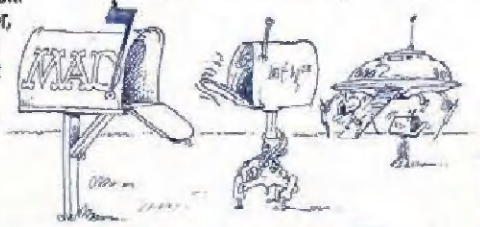
Johnny Be Good — If there's one kernel of truth we strive to impart on our readers every month, it is that parents just don't know jack. How many times has your mother told you that you need to put a sweater on, when in fact, you were dying from the heat? How many times have they told you that you have to wait till your 13th birthday before you run off with a motorcycle gang? How many times have they told you that 72-hour binges of heroin and Tequila are bad for your health? Like we said, they don't know jack! Readers, if you want to be a cartoonist, cockfight promoter or, God forbid, a dental hygienist, then you can be! And if your parents keep telling you no, then you should cut back on the Mother's and Father's Day cards — they'll get the message! —Ed.

PASSING *IT'S A GAS*

After listening to the entire *Dr. Demento's 30th Anniversary Collection* CD, I finally came to the conclusion that the most bizarre song on the album was Alfred E. Neuman singing "It's A Gas." Although it lacked many common elements of great music and a decent chorus, the song fulfilled my daily dose of insanity, whilst waking up my entire family everytime I blasted the album. The purpose of my letter is to ask one question: who said the words "It's a gas" in the song? I've been searching my old records and I've even asked my friends who they thought it sounded like. I'd love to know before I jam my head into the toilet bowl and pluck the individual lashes from my eyelids!

Nick Megalis, N. Huntingdon, PA

Little Nicky — Before we answer your question, we have one of our own. What kind of loser uses the word "whilst"? Whilst you ponder the question — here's the answer to yours. "It's a gas" was uttered by famed composer and celebrated Metropolitan Opera star Norman Blagman! —Ed.



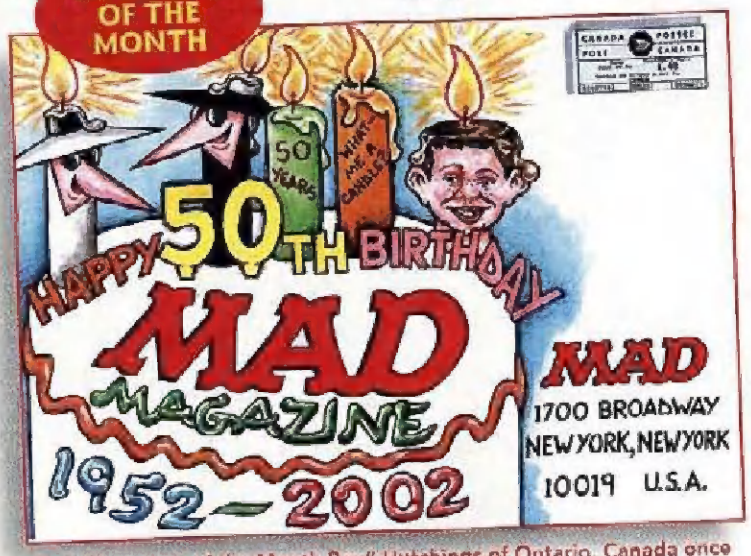
HAIR APPARENT

Well, this is the second month in a row that I had to look at a fat man's hairy chest! Maybe for some people it's a daily thing, but I am 14 and love reading your magazine and will buy it no matter what's on the cover. But come on, that's just plain nasty! Maybe if you put some cuter guys on your cover, more people will buy it!

Kara Marszaleh, Westland, MI

Hari Kara — Thanks for your letter. As you know, since MAD has started taking ads, there have been many changes in the magazine and its editorial direction. Due to intense pressure from *the advertising department*, MAD is now working to corner the market on male electrolysis candidates — a highly desirable niche area among advertisers. Be prepared for lots more hairy man-breast covers like Fat Bastard and Tony Soprano. Among the future candidates are Robin Williams and famed circus geek Carl "The Human Carpet" Flipowitz! —Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH



Jim "Envelope of the Month Boy" Hutchings of Ontario, Canada once again comes through with, oddly enough, our Envelope of the Month, this one celebrating MAD's 50th Anniversary. For those of you who may be wondering, Jim never includes a letter, note, memo, snapshot, Post-It, or suspicious white powder — he just sends the envelope. Go figure!

NOT SO CREATIVE LICENSE

You never know where you will run into a MAD fan — hopefully it's not on the highway! Dave Lotz of Buckner, MO sent in this unique MAD license plate. We're surprised he's never been pulled over and charged with DWI (Driving While Idiotic!)

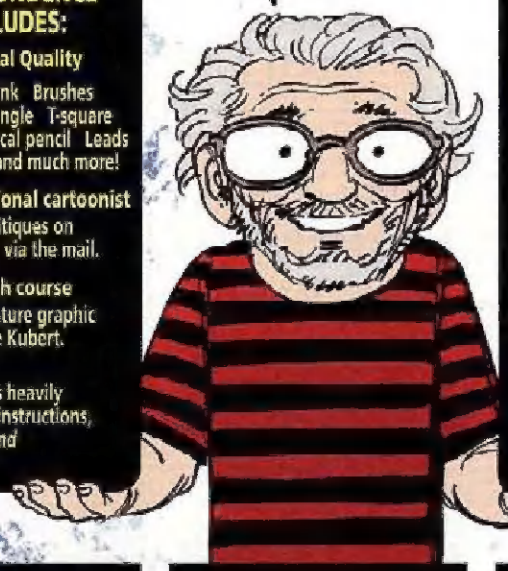
Dave (Hot Rod) Lotz's prized possession

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Joe Kubert's World of Cartooning

Correspondence Courses for Comic Books

TAKE YOUR PICK! IT'S YOUR CHOICE!



EACH CORRESPONDENCE COURSE INCLUDES:

- **Supplies of Professional Quality**
  2-ply Boards Pens Ink Brushes Bleed-proof white Triangle T-square Lettering guide Mechanical pencil Leads Eraser Tracing paper and much more!
- **Critiques by a professional cartoonist**
  Specific assignment critiques on tracing paper overlays via the mail.
- **Special video with each course**
  These great videos feature graphic demonstrations by Joe Kubert.
- **Course book**
  Oversized publications heavily illustrated containing instructions, special assignments, and practice boards

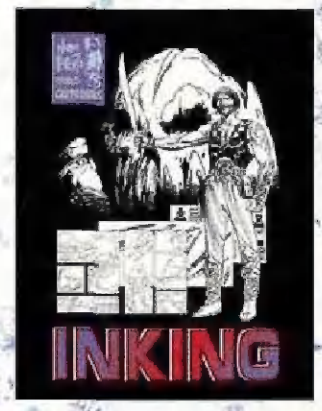
AND NOW, AT A *SUBSTANTIAL SAVING:*

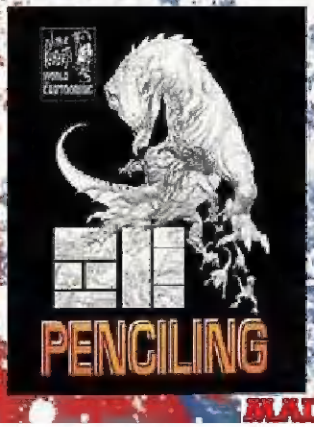
You may order the **video** and **course book** of your choice. This offer does *not* include **supplies** or **critiques.**

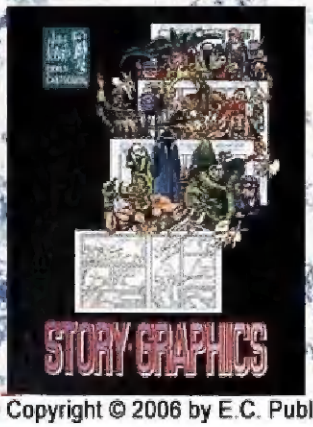
For detailed information on courses and ordering:

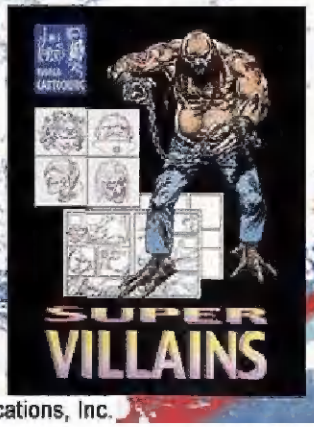
PHONE: 1-973-537-7760
TOLL FREE: 1-877-JKWORLD (1-877-559-6753)
FAX: 1-973-537-7699
WRITE: Dept D,
37 Myrtle Avenue
Dover, NJ 07801
E-MAIL: kubert@intrepid.net

Visit us at www.kubertsworld.com









MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

TEACHER'S PESTS

BOSTON PUBLIC

April 16, 2002

MAD Magazine
Department 413
1700 Broadway
New York, NY 10019

Dear Mr. Neuman,

We thoroughly enjoyed the January 2002 edition of your fine publication. It is high time "Boston Public" gets the media coverage it deserves. Your dedication to quality journalism is admirable.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Harry Sensitive (Nicky Katt) and
Squat Cloverball (Anthony Heald)

INSLOW HIGH SCHOOL

Boston Public stars Nicky Katt (left) and Anthony Heald (right) appear to be bowled over seeing themselves in MAD!

PAST, PRESIDENT AND FUTURE

In MAD #421, the President of the Monroe Fan Club (Ken McClelland) decided to sort of step down as the President, so I figured I have nothing better to do with my time than become a dedicated leader of such a dysfunctional group. So if there are no objections, I would be happy to take the role.

Zeb Williams, Candler, NC

Zebby — Thank you for your bold initiative. Unfortunately, it is not within our powers to sanction a coup. The matter must be put forward to all MAD readers as to whether the duly elected President McClelland be ousted by the upstart Zeb Williams. Readers, send in your vote to Amy "The Big Ballot Box" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. We will report the vote tally in an upcoming issue, provided we have no problems with the Florida readers' ballots! —Ed.

EATING HIS WORDS

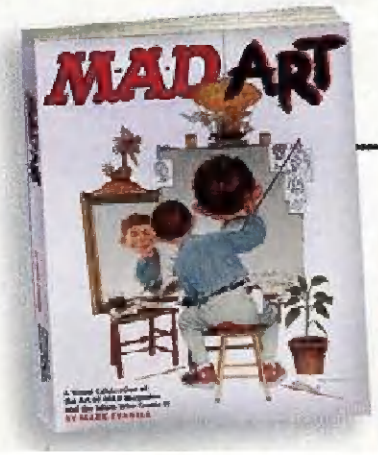
I'm writing to you people because I have no one else to write to and this is a homework assignment I was left with, but since I didn't do it for homework, I have to sit by myself at lunch. The other reason I'm writing is to say how much I enjoy your magazine, not in a way where people get all teary and you probably find tear drops on the envelope and the letter paper, no, that's just not me. I go to a Christian school and I thank all my teachers for not getting on me for carrying your magazine from class to class every month. So, in a serious way, I thank MAD for many great years of humor and I request that you never change!

Leo Parada, Jr., San Francisco, CA

Leo the Lion — Thanks for your letter. We have one small correction, however. We've had several of the envelopes you mention scientifically tested. Turns out it wasn't tear drops on those envelopes. To which we say, ewww! Again, thanks for writing! —Ed.

P.S. This is just a hunch, but we bet one of your classmates got hold of your thermos and swapped your milk for monkey juice!

P.P.S. We also have a hunch that this is not the last time you'll eat lunch alone! Ha!



DRAWING ATTENTION TO OURSELVES

Reaching bookstores just in time for all pathetic losers who put off holiday shopping until the last minute is *MAD Art: A Visual Celebration of the Art of MAD Magazine and the Idiots Who Create It*, published by Watson-Guptill and available now wherever books are sold. For maximum satisfaction, we suggest you buy maximum copies of this book! To read an excerpt from *MAD Art*, pick up a copy of MAD XL #19, on sale now!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

MAD

William M. Gaines
founder

Jenette Kahn
president & editor-in-chief

Paul Levitz
executive vice president & publisher

Nick Meglin & John Ficarra
editors

Editorial:
Charlie Kadau & Joe Raiola *senior editors*
Amy Vozeolas *associate editor*
Dave Croatto *associate editor*
Dick DeBartolo *creative consultant*

Art Department:
Sam Viviano *art director*
Nadina Simon *associate art director*
Patricia Dwyer *assistant art director*
Ryan Flanders *production artist*
Brian Dumiak *production artist*
Leonard Brenner *graphics consultant*

Administration:
Patrick Caldon *senior vp — finance & operations*
Joel Ehrlich *senior vp — advertising & promotions*
Alison Gill *vp — manufacturing*
Lillian Laserson *vp & general counsel*
David McKillips *vp — advertising*
John Nee *vp — business development*

Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

FOR ADVERTISING INQUIRIES ONLY, PLEASE CALL 212-636-5520!

For SUBSCRIPTION Questions:
Go to the MAD website! All you need is your name and zip code to renew, change your address, give a gift subscription, check your account balance and expiration dates or to request a missing issue. Just go to www.madmag.com or call 1-800-4MADMAG (U.S. and Canada only) or write to P.O. Box 52345, Boulder, CO 80322-2345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or e-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you here!

VISIT THE MAD WEB SITE!
http://www.madmag.com

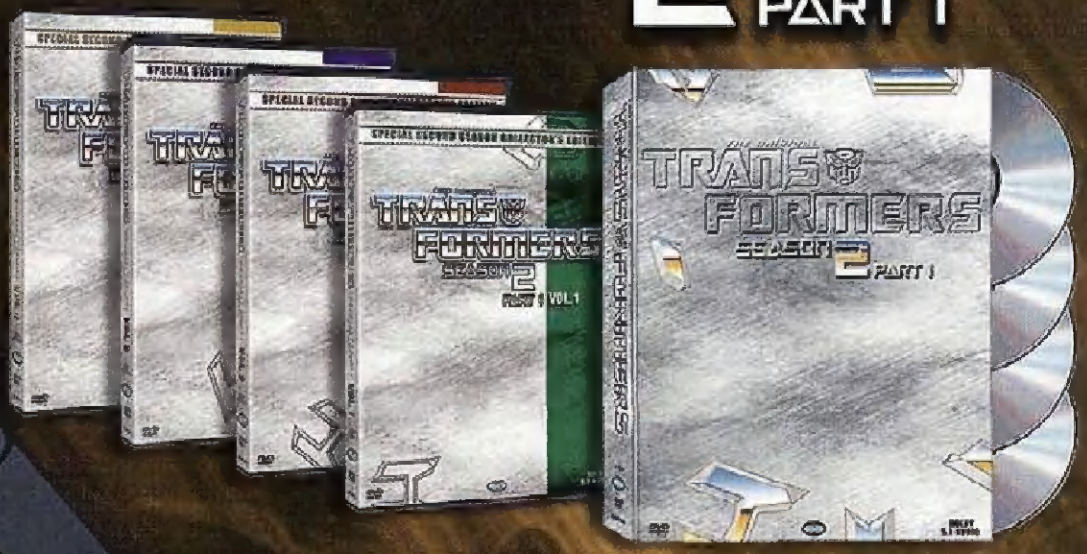
HOW TO REACH US
Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 425, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York, 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

EARTH IS THE BATTLEFIELD

THE ORIGINAL

TRANSFORMERS

SEASON 2 PART 1



THE COMBAT CONTINUES WITH 24 LETHAL EPISODES ON 4 DISCS

> DVD boxed set includes the first 24 episodes of the 2nd season, plus interviews with the creators, writers and voice talent, and 2 limited-edition cels.

> DVD boxed set - $59.95 SRP

> DVD Vol. 1, 2, 3 & 4 sold separately - $19.95 SRP

> VHS only available as a boxed set - $49.95 SRP

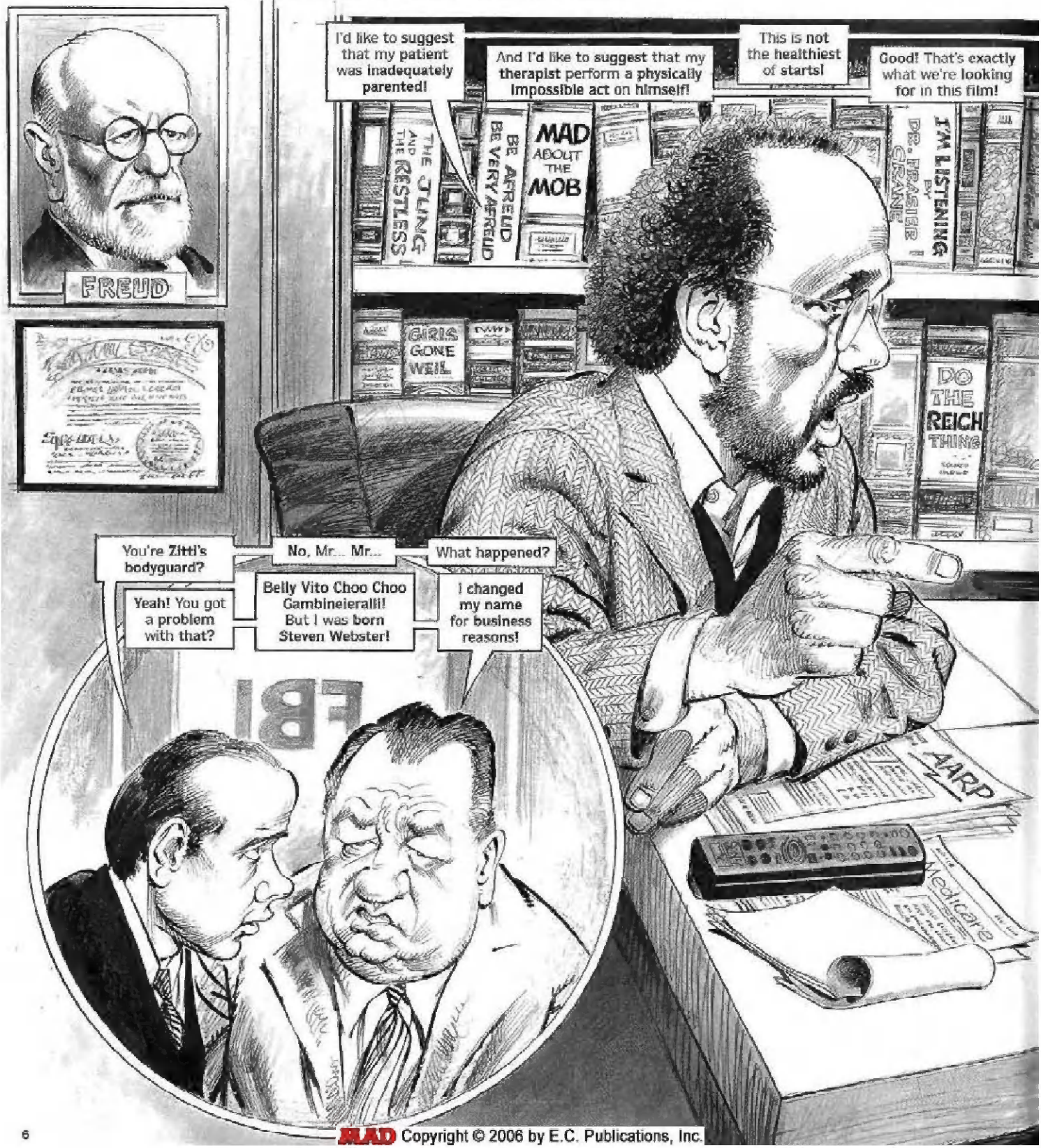
RHINO HOME VIDEO

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

HONEY, I KID THE SHRINK DEPT.

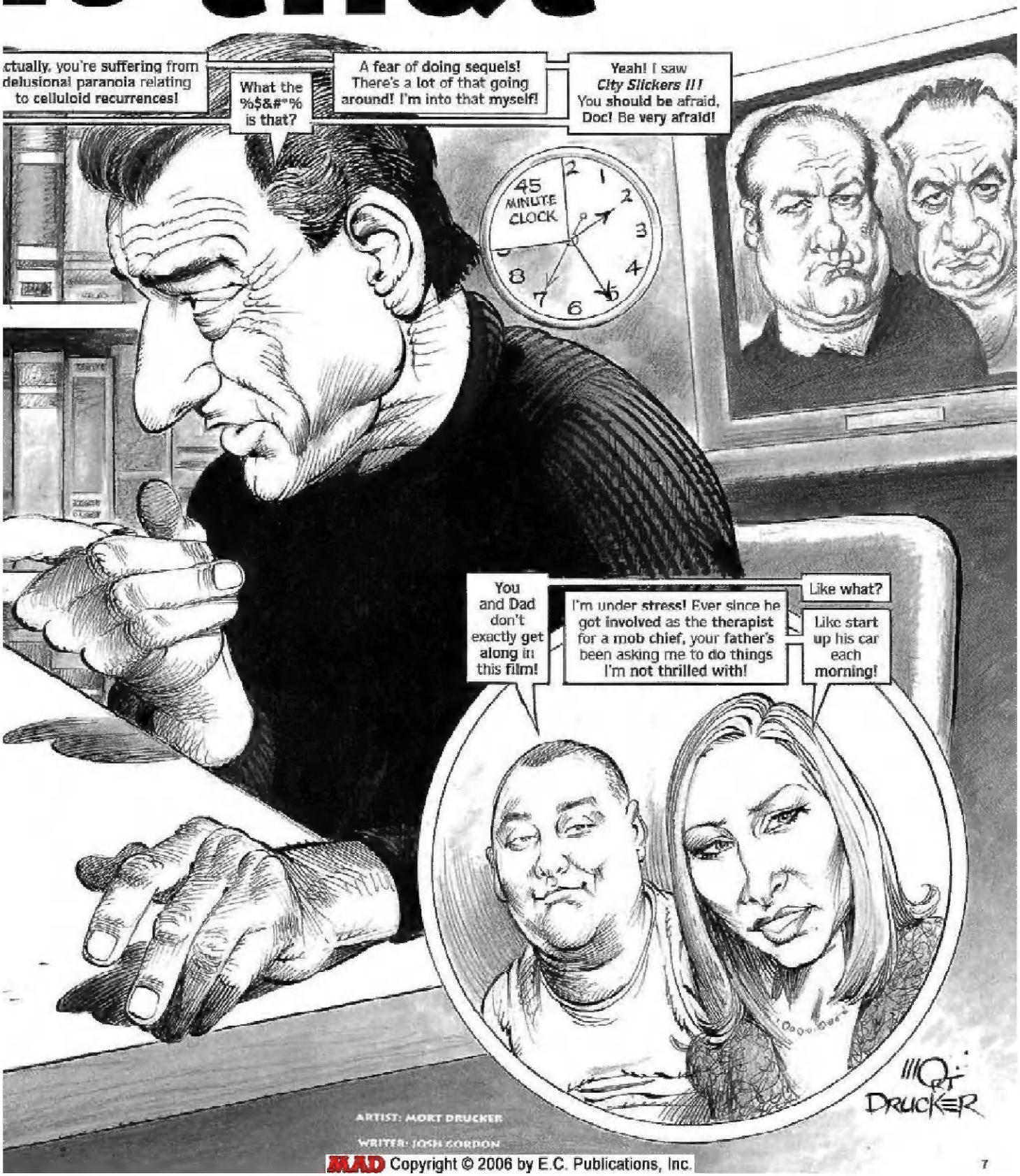
satiri

When *Analyze This* came out, we had to wonder if Robert DeNiro could actually get laughs (we stopped wondering the same thing about Billy Crystal long ago). But for whatever reason, the movie was a hit (we credit our spoof!), so they cranked out a sequel. However, since that first try, DeNiro's gone for laughs in *Meet the Parents*, *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*, and *Showtime*. Now that he's making more comedies than all the Wayans Brothers combined, the novelty's worn off! And since this sequel's just a retread of a lame, one-joke movie, why even bother to...


FREUD
I'd like to suggest that my patient was inadequately parented!
And I'd like to suggest that my therapist perform a physically impossible act on himself!
This is not the healthiest of starts!
Good! That's exactly what we're looking for in this film!
THE JUNG AND THE RESTLESS
BE AFREUD BE VERY AFREUD
MAD ABOUT THE MOB
I'M LISTENING BY DR. FRASIER CRANE
GIRLS GONE WEIL
DO THE REICH THING
You're Zitti's bodyguard?
Yeah! You got a problem with that?
No, Mr... Mr...
Belly Vito Choo Choo Gambineierelli! But I was born Steven Webster!
What happened?
I changed my name for business reasons!
FBI
AARP
Medicare

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

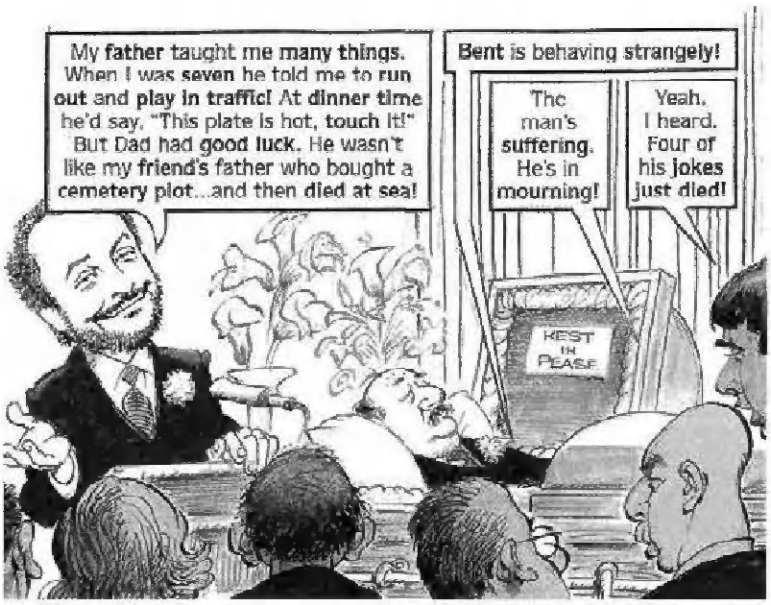
ze that

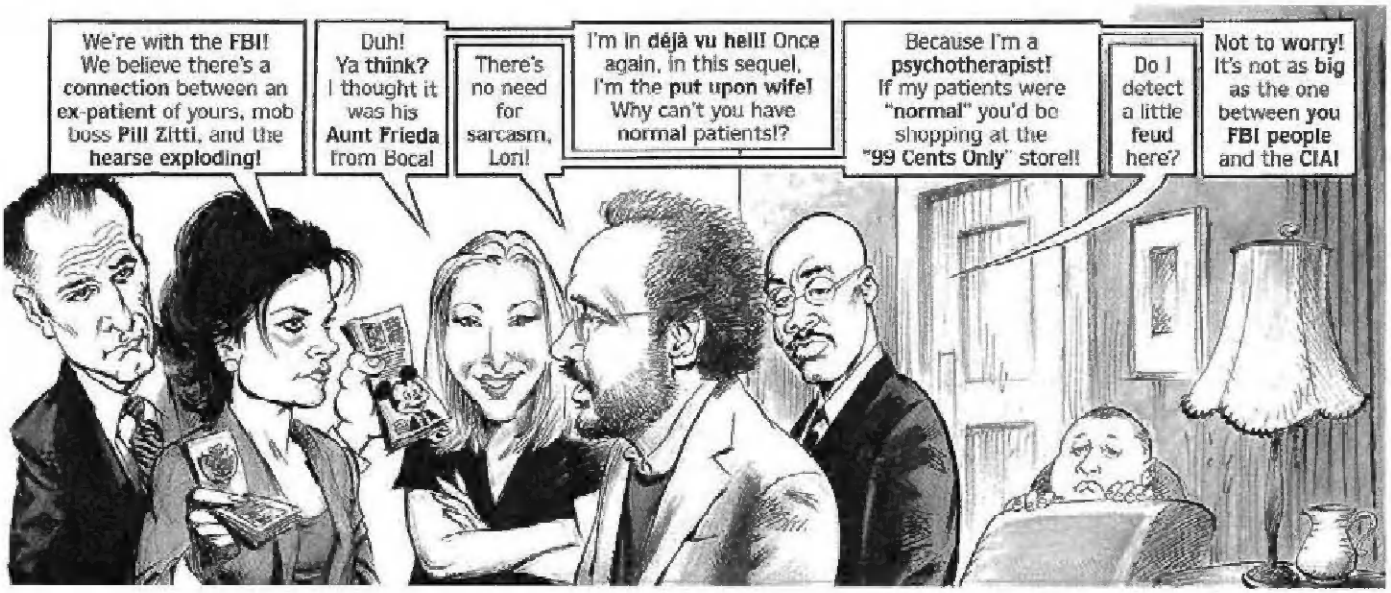

ctually, you're suffering from delusional paranoia relating to celluloid recurrences!
What the %$&#*% is that?
A fear of doing sequels! There's a lot of that going around! I'm into that myself!
Yeah! I saw *City Slickers II*! You should be afraid, Doc! Be very afraid!
45 MINUTE CLOCK
You and Dad don't exactly get along in this film!
I'm under stress! Ever since he got involved as the therapist for a mob chief, your father's been asking me to do things I'm not thrilled with!
Like what?
Like start up his car each morning!
DRUCKER

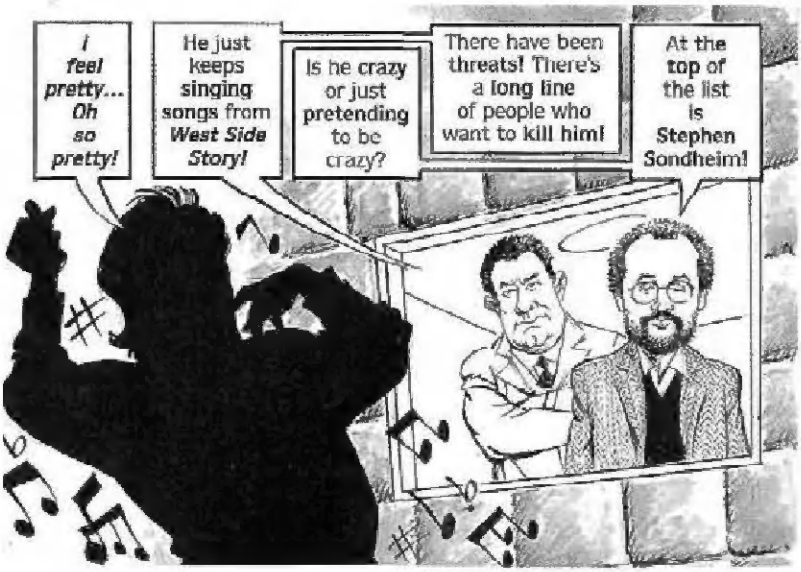
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

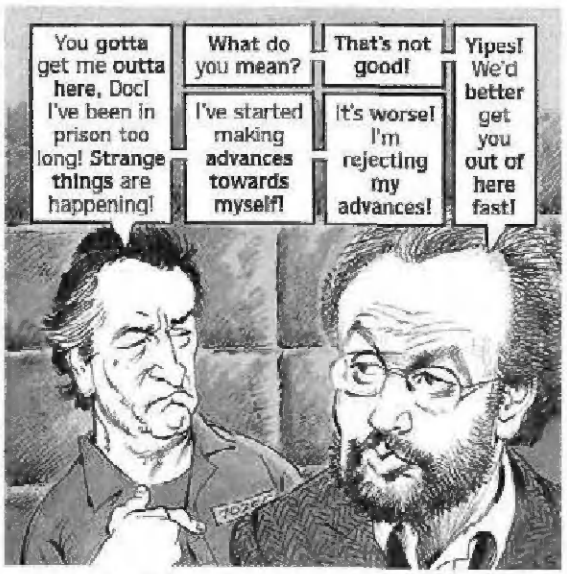
WRITER: JOSH GORDON

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.


My father taught me many things. When I was seven he told me to run out and play in traffic! At dinner time he'd say, "This plate is hot, touch it!" But Dad had good luck. He wasn't like my friend's father who bought a cemetery plot...and then died at sea!
Bent is behaving strangely!
The man's suffering. He's in mourning!
Yeah. I heard. Four of his jokes just died!
REST IN PEASE


We're with the FBI! We believe there's a connection between an ex-patient of yours, mob boss Pill Zitti, and the hearse exploding!
Duh! Ya think? I thought it was his Aunt Frieda from Boca!
There's no need for sarcasm, Lori!
I'm in déjà vu hell! Once again, in this sequel, I'm the put upon wife! Why can't you have normal patients!?
Because I'm a psychotherapist! If my patients were "normal" you'd be shopping at the "99 Cents Only" store!!
Do I detect a little feud here?
Not to worry! It's not as big as the one between you FBI people and the CIA!


I feel pretty... Oh so pretty!
He just keeps singing songs from West Side Story!
Is he crazy or just pretending to be crazy?
There have been threats! There's a long line of people who want to kill him!
At the top of the list is Stephen Sondheim!


You gotta get me outta here, Doc! I've been in prison too long! Strange things are happening!
What do you mean?
I've started making advances towards myself!
That's not good!
It's worse! I'm rejecting my advances!
Yipes! We'd better get you out of here fast!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

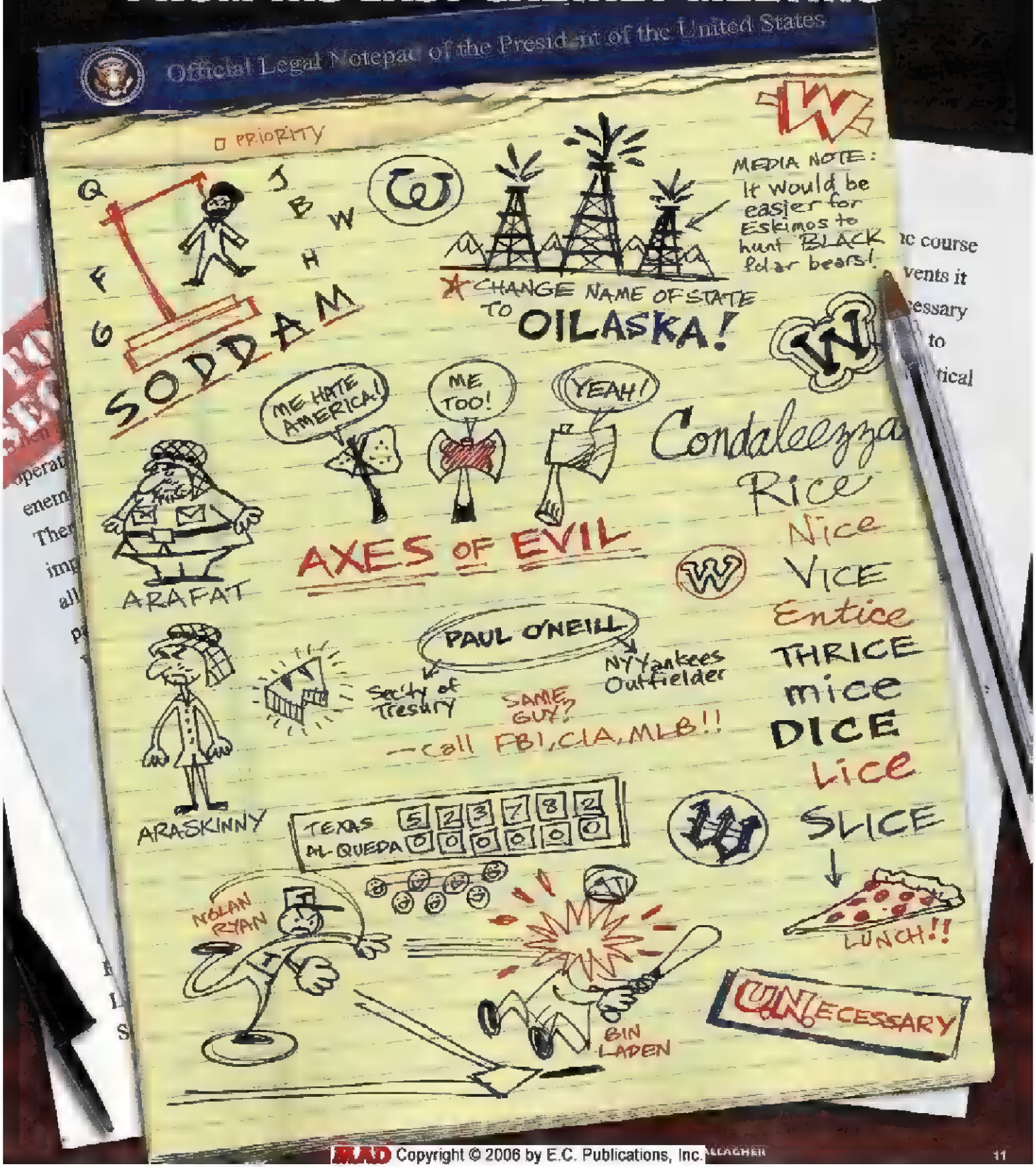
You brought an underworld gang ord to our home as houseguest and he brought his hooker-girlfriend here and now hey're having wild sex in our house!
Someone has to!
Are you saying our love life isn't good?
Let me put it this way — they have a picture of our sex life on the side of a milk carton!
GROAN
THUMP!
Sometimes he doesn't talk to me for three days!
There's a reason for that. I don't want to interrupt her!
I'm trying to be perfectly fair here, Lori, you're right as usual! Bent, you're behaving like a total schmuck!
If I've been moody or distracted lately it's because my father died!
I understand, Bent. Do you want to talk about it?
Yes. The death of my parent was traumatic —
Your time is up! Lori?
Geez! Now I know how you got that name!
Dr. Vilma Ballbreaker
Marriage Counselor
Congratulations, Potty! In all my years in gangsterdom I've never seen a woman mob boss!
You got a %$&#*% problem with that?
Nah! Today a woman can be anything she wants! With your smarts you could be a United States Senator or a corporate CEO!
To tell you the truth, d#$%-head, I wanted to get into a field with less criminal activity!
Hey, putzhead! Look at these features: the tinted windows, the bullet-proof doors and the trunk space...it can comfortably hold three dead bodies!
There are no bodies!
There will be if you don't buy this car!
0% APR
Sale
We have this diamond ring for $22,000!
That's a bit steep! I'd like to think it over!
While you're thinking, we have this matching set of brass knuckles in a Tiffany setting! One goes on her hand, the other goes in your face!
What does this ink blot look like to you?
It looks like Clemenza sitting in an olive oil company! What does it look like to you?
It looks like Meg Ryan faking an orgasm in a deli!
What does it all mean, Doc?
It means we're both nostalgic for the great roles we'll probably never see again!
MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Meet our friends, the Finkels!
When you say "Duck"... I hope you're recommending tonight's special!
Duck!!
BLAM!
You idiot! Someone's shooting at us!
They could be shooting at the Finkels!
What??!
Don't forget, he IS a stockbroker!
POW
POW
Look! It's Pitt! What brings you here?
Let's call it "plot convenience"! The screenwriters wanted me to find gainful employment. So, they set me up as a "consultant" on a mob TV series!
That's a script flaw! There's no such thing as gainful employment on a TV series!
We have real mobsters as consultants and actors on this TV series!
It's every actor and writer's dream — the network executives are afraid to give notes!
TV
Doc, you're too rigid! You need to loosen up! That's why I brought you to Atlantic City with me and the guys!
Yeah, we're cool! Look at us! No one's ever made a casino entrance like this!
Really!? Rent *Oceans Eleven*!
Ever done this before, Doc?
Never had the pleasure!
We usually put a tip in here!
Is it okay if I swipe a credit card?
Something big is going down! You lied to me! You told me you weren't involved in anything!
I'm not involved in anything!
Good! I trust you!
Now, in this thing I'm not involved in, do you want to carry an M-16, an AK-47, or an Uzi?
What the hell happened? I had a perfect life! I went to pre-med, I studied, I graduated with honors...suddenly I'm The Village People! I just hope my patients don't see me!
You're really amazing!
That I have the guts to do this?
That you think you still have any patients!
So it was all a "set up"! The FBI was in on it! You staged the whole thing to double-cross Potty and her crew!
That's right! I owe it all to you, Doc! You taught me values! You taught me character!
That's great, but what are we gonna do for the next sequel?
We can't keep doing the lame "anxiety-ridden gangland" and the "nebbishy psychiatrist"!
We've got to grab a younger audience! Reach the kids! More action! Maybe a period piece! Wait, I've got an idea...!
LORD OF THE BADA BINGS
ATF
FBI
10
MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

A MAD EXCLUSIVE!

GEORGE W. BUSH'S NOTES

FROM HIS LAST CABINET MEETING



MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

DO YOU HEAR WHAT I FEAR? DEPT.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

No one can deny that the world has changed dramatically since the events of last year. It only stands to reason then that the traditional yuletide songs we all love need to be updated to better reflect the state of our country today. So, clear that phlegm out of your throat, it's time to sing...

They Don't Know! They Don't Know! They Don't Know!

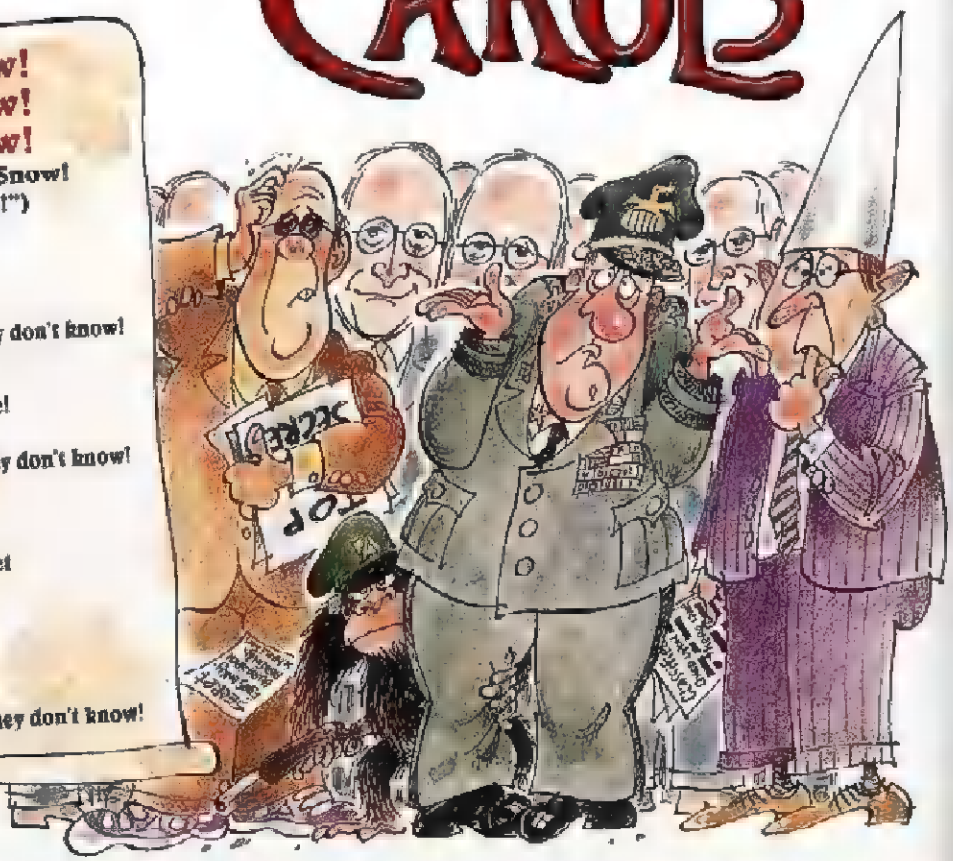
(Sung to the tune of "Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!")

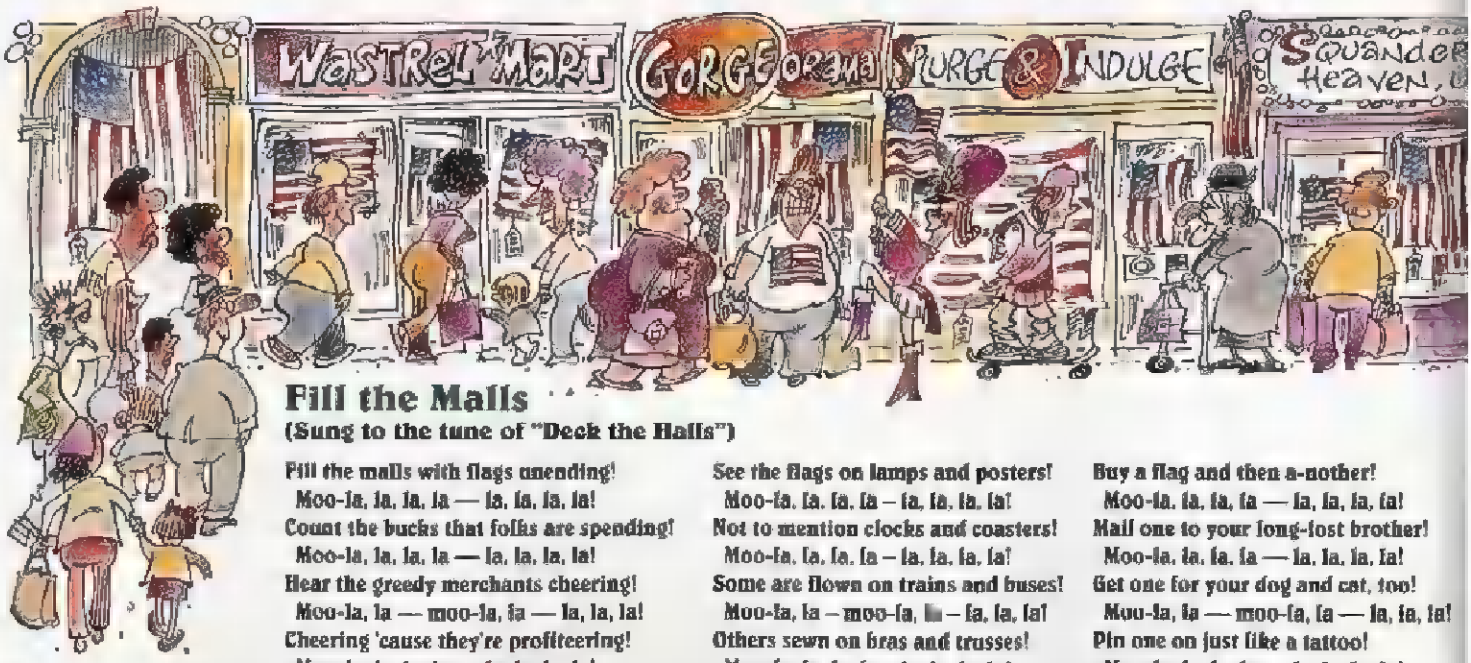
There's a dirty bomb lab in Frisco
That'll turn your brain to Crisco!
Ask the FBI if it's so —
They don't know! They don't know! They don't know!

There's an army camp near Seattle
Where they're training chimps for battle!
Ask the Pentagon if it's so —
They don't know! They don't know! They don't know!

Ev'ry week an alert we get —
Some are red, others yellow or green;
Though we've asked, no one's told us yet
What in the hell do they mean!

There's a rumor that sounds real zany
That we plan to clone Dick Cheney!
Ask the CIA if it's so —
They don't know! They don't know! They don't know!





Fill the Malls

(Sung to the tune of "Deck the Halls")

Fill the malls with flags unending!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!
Count the bucks that folks are spending!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!
Hear the greedy merchants cheering!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
Cheering 'cause they're profiteering!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!

See the flags on lamps and posters!
Moo-la, la, la, la – la, la, la, la!
Not to mention clocks and coasters!
Moo-la, la, la, la – la, la, la, la!
Some are flown on trains and buses!
Moo-la, la – moo-la, la – la, la, la!
Others sewn on bras and trusses!
Moo-la, la, la, la – la, la, la, la!

Buy a flag and then a-nother!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!
Mail one to your long-lost brother!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!
Get one for your dog and cat, too!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
Pin one on just like a tattoo!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Post 9/11 For America

Somewhere in the Mid-East Hinterland

(Sung to the tune of "Winter Wonderland")

Hey, for sure…he's a sickie,
But the rat's…mighty tricky —
Osama, no doubt,
Is still hiding out
Somewhere in the Mid-East hinterland.

How we bragged…that we'd trap him,
Try his ass…or else zap him —
We wound up with zip:
He gave us the slip
Somewhere in the Mid-East hinterland.

Where's that slimy Saudi? Hey, don't ask us:
Better use a Ouija board instead:
Might be dealing hashish in Damascus —
Hopefully, the SOB is dead!

It's too bad…we can't boast now,
To the world…that he's toast now —
'Cause deep down we know,
The pig's laying low
Somewhere in the Mid-East hinterland.

all these symbols of our nation!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!
ring-ing us great jubilation!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la, la!
n their flagpoles, see them hang high!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
ear-ly all were made in Shanghai!
Moo-la, la, la, la — la, la, la — la!

Yuk! The Talking Heads Spout On

(Sung to the tune of "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing")

Yuk! The talking heads spout on —
Morning, evening, dusk till dawn;
Shields is giving Novak hel-l —
Soon we're reaching for DiGel;
Bill O'Reilly's in a squabble
With some envoy back from Kabul;
Hanni-ty spews right-wing crap;
Colmes bumbles on…with left-wing pap;
Yuk! The air they all pollute —
Lucky for us…we've got a mute!

Yuk! The talking heads blab on —
Greta's dissing Paula Zahn;
Donahue spouts off until —
We've all had our fill of Phil;
Ollie North keeps salivating;
Newt drones on, pontificating;
Yuk! They're way beyond all hope —
Best turn 'em off and watch a soap.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Christmas Carols for Post 9/11 America

At Noon I Got to the Airport, Dear

(Sung to the tune of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear")

At noon I got to the airport, dear,
With more than three hou-rs to spare;
I made my way to se-curi-ty
My suit-case packed with great care.
They scanned my body — a buzz was heard,
And very much to my surprise,
They shoved me into an airtight room —
My guards... were two armed GI's.

They stripped me down to my boxer shorts,
(I soon had to shed them as well);
They sicked two Dobermans on-to me
My pri-vate parts they did smell.
They searched my suitcase for con-tra-band,
And dumped all my toiletries out;
They confiscated my Desenex —
One said... "It's anthrax, no doubt!"

They threw me into a dungeon cell,
The leg irons cramping my style;
They fed me slop, though I must admit
It beat airline food by a mile.
Five weeks I suffered, but now I'm free,
Just thankful that I am alive;
I've learned my lesson and that is why —
I think... next Christmas I'll drive.

Abu Rauf May Be in Your Town

(Sung to the tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town")

You better take care
Like never before!
You better check out
That neighbor next door!
Abu Rauf may be in your town!

He doesn't chase girls
Or drink at a pub;
He won't try to join
The Rotary Club!
Abu Rauf may be in your town!

He meets his Arab buddies;
They're members of his cell
They're chanting oaths
and hatching plots
That can blow us all to hell!

He'll soon wish us all
A final goodbye
If ever he gets
A license to fly –
Abu Rauf may be in your town!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

BUT IN THE END THERE WAS AN UNFORTUNATE MIX UP.
YOU'RE GETTING OFF EASY WITH THE DEATH PENALTY. I HAVE TO SPEND EVERY DAY TILL RETIREMENT WITH LOSERS LIKE YOU.
WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF MY STAMP COLLECTION?

I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE WHEN THE GOVERNOR CALLED.
IT'S THE GOVERNOR CALLING WITH A PARDON. YOU'RE LUCKY I HAVE CALL WAITING, WE WERE JUST ORDERING CHINESE TAKE-OUT FROM WONG PALACE.
GEE- CHINESE TAKE-OUT FOR MY LAST MEAL, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. MAYBE NEXT TIME.

WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY APARTMENT IT HAD ALREADY BEEN RENTED.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
FAKING MY DEATH AND PINNING IT ON YOU WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY SO I COULD GET YOUR APARTMENT. YOU KNOW IT HAS A MUCH BETTER VIEW.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Ask not for whom the wedding bell tolls. It's...

MONROE and...

WHERE'S THE DAMN LIGHTS? I CAN'T EVEN SEE WHAT I'M MIXING HERE.
LOOKS LIKE THE ELECTRIC COMPANY BLOODSUCKERS ARE AT IT AGAIN. I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE LIKE THE PIONEERS.
WHAT? NO TV?!
HOW ABOUT WE LOOK AT SOME FAMILY PHOTO ALBUMS BY CANDLELIGHT?!
I CAN TELL BY MY GALLSTONE STORY AGAIN.
PICTURES IT IS! WHATTA YA GOT?
HERE'S YOUR FATHER AND I ON OUR HONEYMOON. WE DROVE TO MEXICO CITY IN HIS OLD CLUNKER.
LOOKIT THE HEADLIGHTS ON THAT RIDE.
WHAT IS THAT? A PONTIAC?
I WAS TALKING ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.
OMIGOD. SO YOU TWO WERE NEVER MARRIED?
* We Were Married In The Eyes Of God... AND A BUNCH OF MEXICANS WHO WERE LOOKING IN THE BACK WINDOW. *
OMIGOD. THEN I'M A... A...!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!
AND AN UGLY ONE AT THAT!
YOU GUYS HAVE TO GET MARRIED. IF THIS EVER GETS OUT, I'LL BE THE BUTT OF A MILLION CRUEL JOKES!!
SO WHAT'LL BE SO DIFFERENT?
THE NEXT MORNING...
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I MIX SCOTCH AND SAMBUCA! WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?
NOTHING UNUSUAL! YOU BLACKED OUT!
WAIT!! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING! WE'RE HAVING A WEDDING!
WHO'S READY FOR SCOTCH AND SAMBUCA?
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, WE'RE GONNA GET ALL THE GIFTS WE NEVER GOT.
SOMEHOW I DON'T SEE YOU GUYS NEEDING POTS AND PANS.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY

WEDDED BLISS

AND THAT'S US "IN THE BACKSEAT." REMEMBER THAT?
YOU KIDDING? I STILL GOT THE SCARS FROM THE ASHTRAY ON MY KEISTER!
I SEE A LOT OF PICTURES OF YOUR HONEYMOON. WHERE ARE THE WEDDING PICTURES?
OH, THERE WAS NO WEDDING. NOT FOR MR. BIG SHOT FLY BY THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS HERE.
WE ELOPED.
BY ELOPED HE MEANS WE SKIPPED THE ACTUAL LEGAL PART CALLED THE WEDDING!
THERE WAS A BUNCH OF UNDERAGE RED TAPE AND "ILLEGALLY TRANSPORTING FIREARMS" MUMBO JUMBO.
YOU KNOW WHAT? HE'S RIGHT. WE SHOULD DO IT!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
I NEVER GOT TO HAVE THE WEDDING I USED TO DREAM ABOUT AS A LITTLE GIRL!
YOU DREAMED OF A WEDDING? THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE.
YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL? THAT'S EVEN HARDER TO BELIEVE.
THAT'S IT! I WANNA WEDDING. A BIG WEDDING!!
DAMMIT! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I LET YOU MIX SCOTCH AND SAMBUCA!
GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME, BABY!
SWOON!
PLOP
BUT WE CAN TAKE ALL OUR GIFTS BACK AND GET CASH FOR THEM.
HMM...AND USE THAT CASH FOR BOOZE AND THE TRACK.
NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT!
LITTLE LADY, I'M GONNA MARRY YOU! NOW GIVE ME SOME SLOP TONGUE WHILE I'M STILL SINGLE, BABY!
I NEED SOMETHING TO BLIND MYSELF WITH. PASS THE SCOTCH AND SAMBUCA.
WE CAN DO THE WHOLE THING RIGHT HERE. WE'LL SAVE A BUNDLE.
RIGHT. MONROE CAN CLEAN UP THE DOG CRAP IN THE BACKYARD AND IT'LL BE OUR LITTLE CHAPEL OF LOVE.
OH PLEASE. THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A CRYPT OF DEATH.
GET SCOOPING, WISEASS!

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

MONROE
LATER...
THIS TUX IS DIGGING INTO MY CROTCH.
WELL, IT BETTER BE THE ONLY THING DIGGING DOWN THERE! I SAW YOU CHECKING OUT MY SISTER.
DON'T SWEAT IT, TOOTS. THESE PANTS WILL PROBABLY CRUSH MY FAMILY JEWELS.
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT MONKEY SUIT, ANYWAY?
I BORROWED IT FROM A GUY WHO DOES VALET PARKING ON WEEKENDS. NO PROBLEM.
REAL CLASS.
Dad, ARE YOU ALL READY TO GIVE ME AWAY?
I HAVE A DELIVERY HERE FROM THE FOOD BANK.
GREAT! JUST LEAVE IT IN THERE.
UM, SAYS HERE THIS DONATED FOOD IS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR A SOUP KITCHEN.
DON'T WORRY. WE INVITED LOTS OF BUMS — SOME OF MY RELATIVES AND A BUNCH OF YOUR MOTHER'S OLD BOYFRIENDS!
WOW! SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE SHE DID ON THE DAY I DIDN'T MARRY HER.
WHO ARE THOSE GUYS SHE'S TALKING TO?
Just think, if it wasn't for scotch and sambuca, we'd never be here.
I love the way you hold down your booze. And I love you, too.
HOW THE HELL DID YOU KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE THROUGH THAT ONE?
I HAVE NO IDEA!
ALL RIGHT. Bastly, I promise if we ever run over a hitchhiker together, I'll keep my mouth shut... again.
THAT WAS LOVELY. I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU Man and Wife.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. WE'RE FINALLY MARRIED!
DON'T REMIND ME.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

YOU KIDDING? I WAS READY FROM THE DAY YOU GRADUATED KINDERGARTEN!
HA! HE GOT YOU, MOM!
HEY, DAD! WITH ALL YOUR VARICOSE VEINS IT LOOKS LIKE I FOUND MY "SOMETHING OLD" AND "SOMETHING BLUE" ALL IN ONE.
Zing! YOUR TURN, GRAMPS!
YOU KNOW, THIS IS HOW I ALWAYS ENVISIONED YOUR WEDDING DAY WOULD BE.
US AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS?
EXACTLY.
Dad!
Daughter! HELP ME OUT WITH YOUR NAME, WOULDJA?
KISS
I promise that you'll be the only woman for me. At least the only woman you'll ever know about.
And I promise that if I'm ever going to poison you, I'll do it slowly.
YOU JUST SAY THE WORD ANYTIME, I'LL GLADLY SHOOT HIM LIKE A MONGREL DOG— THIS IS MY GIFT TO YOU.
Oh, OFFICER DURKEE! THAT'S SWEET, SUGAR, BUT not right now. THANKS FOR COMING!
*SEE MAD #379!
AND I'LL THROW IN FREE FERRIS WHEEL RIDES AT THE CARNY FOR YOU AND YOUR OLD MAN WHENEVER YOU LIKE!
Oh, DINO, YOU'RE TOO KIND!*
*SEE MAD #359!
THE BRIDE AND GROOM HAVE WRITTEN THEIR OWN VOWS AND WOULD NOW LIKE TO SHARE THEM.
IF WE WANT THIS TO MAKE IT, IT'S GONNA TAKE WORK.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING THIS! YOU GUYS ARE ACTUALLY GONNA PUT SOME EFFORT INTO THIS?
NOT US, IDIOT. YOU! CLEAN UP THE HOUSE AND WASH THE CAR.
WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON!
SO LONG, SUCKERS!
WELL, AT LEAST I'M NOT A "BASTARD" ANYMORE.
MAYBE NOT ACCORDING TO THE DICTIONARY. BUT IN MY BOOK, MONTY, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LITTLE BASTARD. AND AN UGLY ONE AT THAT!
I WANT AN ANNULMENT!
HA HA HA

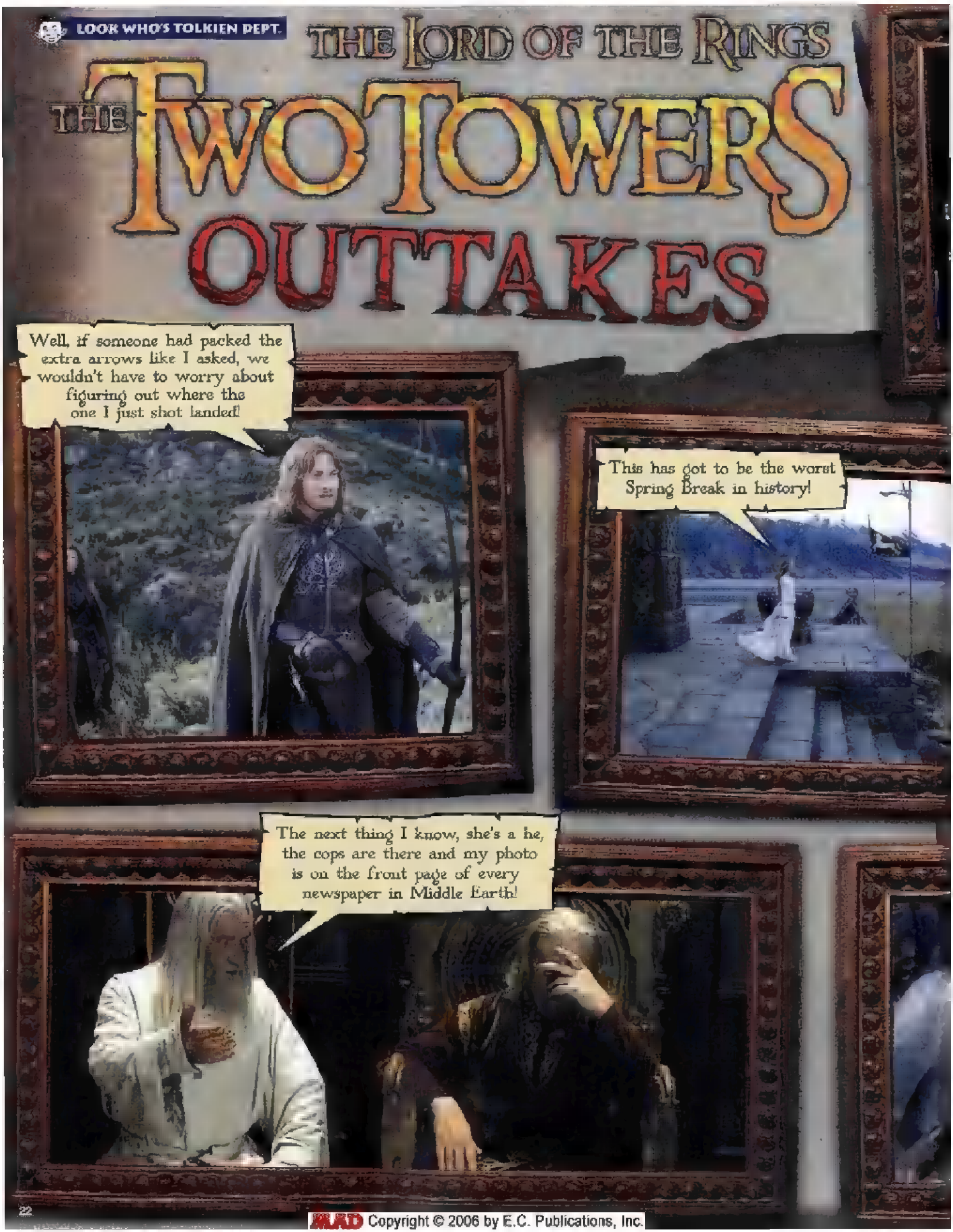
MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

LOOK WHO'S TOLKIEN DEPT.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS
THE TWO TOWERS OUTTAKES


Well, if someone had packed the extra arrows like I asked, we wouldn't have to worry about figuring out where the one I just shot landed!
This has got to be the worst Spring Break in history!
The next thing I know, she's a he, the cops are there and my photo is on the front page of every newspaper in Middle Earth!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

You can't keep killing every person who mistakes you for Dumbledore!
Just keep staring! Special effects will insert something scary later!
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO
Okay, I'm picturing a giant castle in the desert with 6,000 slots and a 24-hour buffet!
I am smiling! Take the friggin' picture already!
Is this the "buy ticket" line or the "have ticket" line?

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

PAMELA ANDERSON'S BREAST IMPLANTS

Item # 4824364235

Souvenirs:National Monuments:Entertainment Memorabilia:Television:Bosoms

Currently	**$2382.56 (reserve not yet met)**	First bid	**$9.99**
Quantity	**1 pair**	# of bids	**8** bid history
Started	Dec-17-02 10:38:11 PDT	Location	**Mammary Hills Enhancement Facility**
Ends	Dec-27-02 10:38:11 PDT	Country/Region	**USA/Los Angeles**

clutter up a friend's mailbox by sending an email of this auction

The Spiel

Ruin the Good Name Of... (the seller) (the sucker)

Seller (Rating) **Boobs4Bimbos (36DD)** ★

find out who else this seller has screwed over | see what other crap seller is trying to unload

High bid **DirtyOldMan (-72)** ★

Payment Money Order/Cashiers Checks. Personal Checks. Beads/Trinkets. Wampum. Monopoly money.

Seller Options Seller: Didn't sell this item? Don't look so surprised! Did you honestly think you would? If you're a glutton for punishment, here's what you can do: Relist this item and hope that some other moron will log onto the site while they're bored at work and idly place an enormous bid — and then actually feel obligated to follow through with payment. Don't hold your breath!

If you are the seller or a high bidder — what were you thinking?

Seller assumes all responsibility, lawsuits, and karmic imbalance for listing this item. You should contact the seller to resolve any questions before bidding, but of course you won't, thereby giving yourself what you consider a legitimate excuse for backing out of paying for this item when you learn of some tiny, inconsequential flaw about it later.

Description

You'll have to *rack* your brains to think up a more *titillating* gift for the man (or woman) who has everything — but bosoms! Pamela Anderson's loss was your gain when she said "Tah-Tah!" to her ta-tas: Made popular on TV, made famous in homemade porn with Tommy Lee and, according to the underside of the left one, made in Taiwan, you are bidding on the actual implants that resided inside Ms. Anderson's bust until their removal in April of 1999. An extremely rare, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to own a two-of-a-kind treasure! Jugs of fun for the Pam Anderson fan, the *Baywatch* aficionado, or just about anyone who wants to feel like a *VIP*! Both latex implants are filled with silicone jelly, and are equally at home in the showcase of the serious collector as they are re-installed in a flat-chested new owner. Or, for the tailgate-partier with a flair for entertaining, once frozen, each former bosom will keep an entire 30-gallon cooler of beer cold for hours while providing an excellent conversation piece your guests can stare at and touch without fear of being smacked! (Implants to be auctioned as a set. If bidder wants only one, we suggest he pool resources with a like-minded bosom buddy.) Both are in excellent condition. Comes with Certificate of Authenticity signed by Ms. Anderson and before/after/after-after photos. Proceeds benefit the Boobs for Bimbos Foundation.

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER WRITER: SCOTT MAIKO

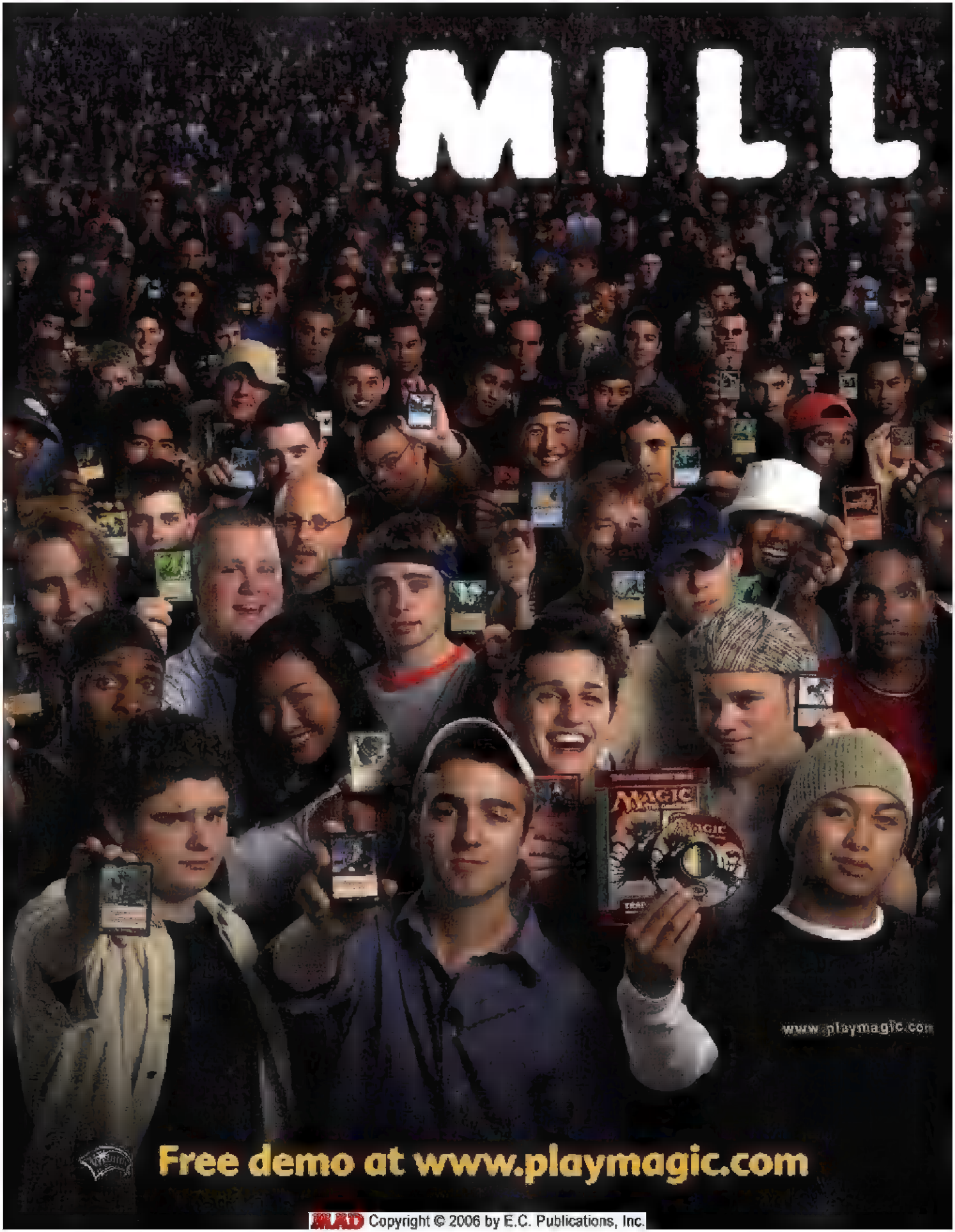
MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

THE FIRST

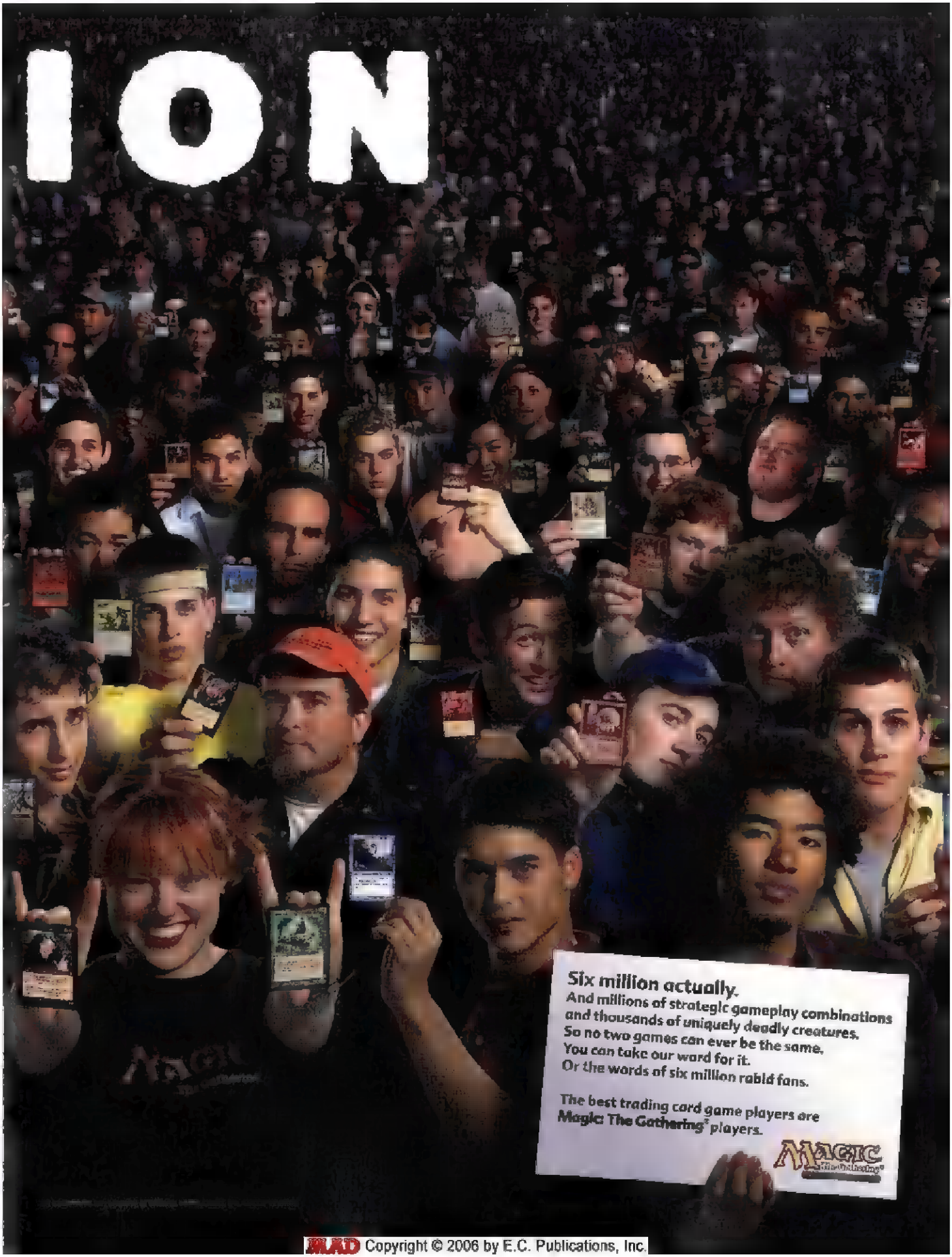
THE BEST

THE FEW

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

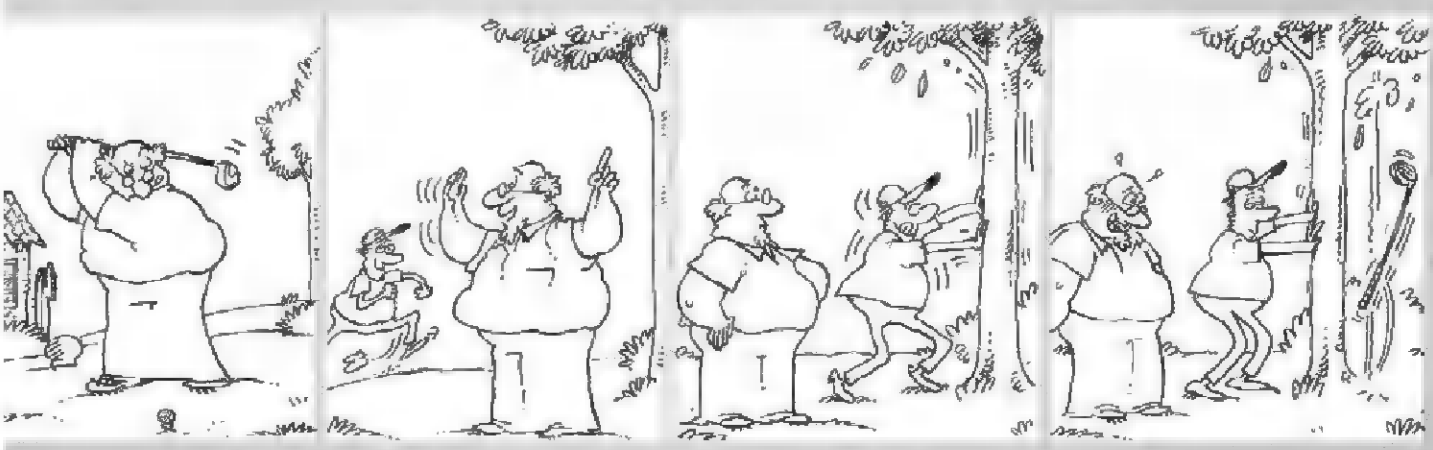


MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.


ION
Six million actually.
And millions of strategic gameplay combinations
and thousands of uniquely deadly creatures.
So no two games can ever be the same.
You can take our word for it.
Or the words of six million rabid fans.
The best trading card game players are
Magic: The Gathering® players.
MAGIC
THE GATHERING

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

a MAD look a

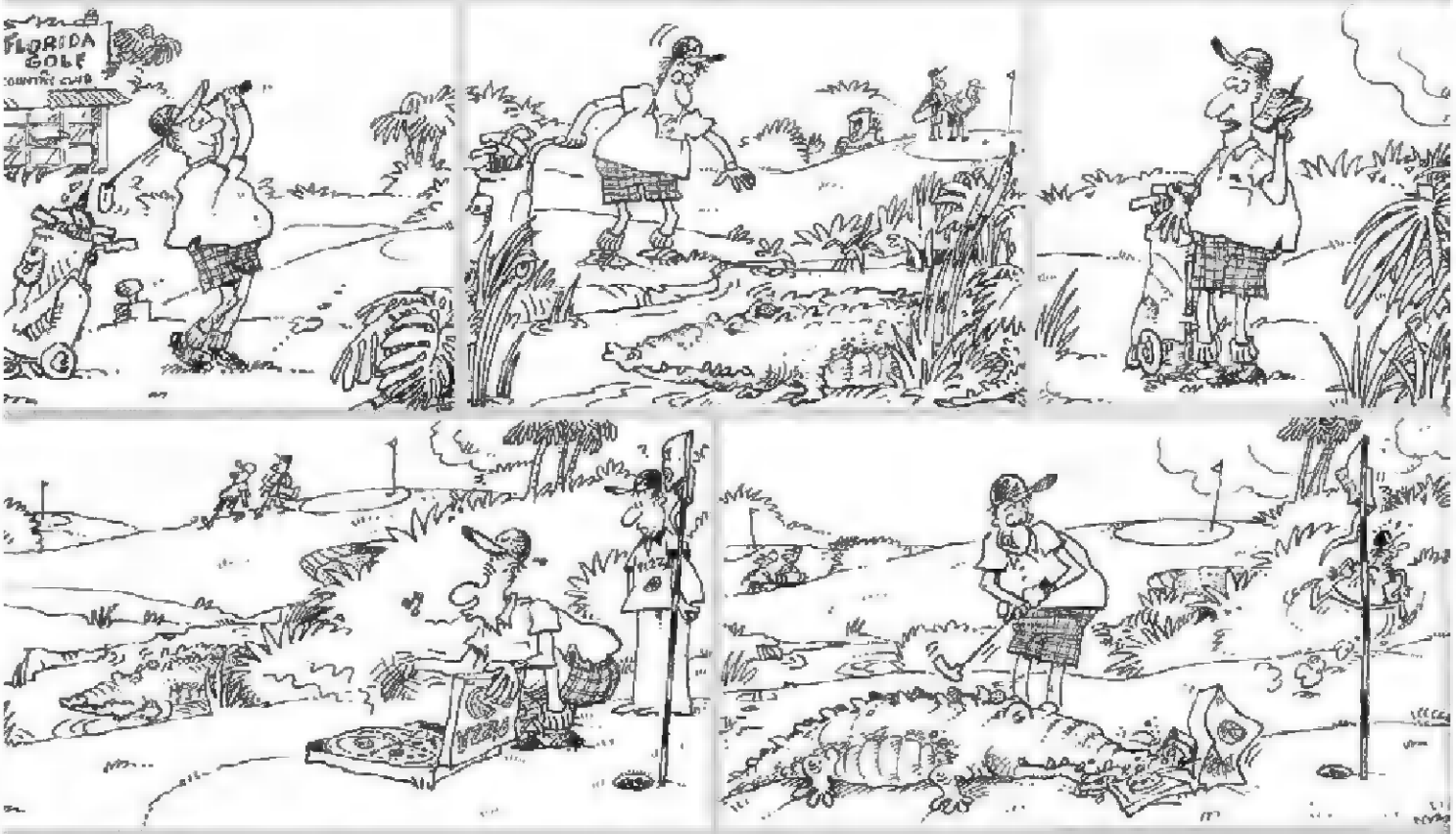


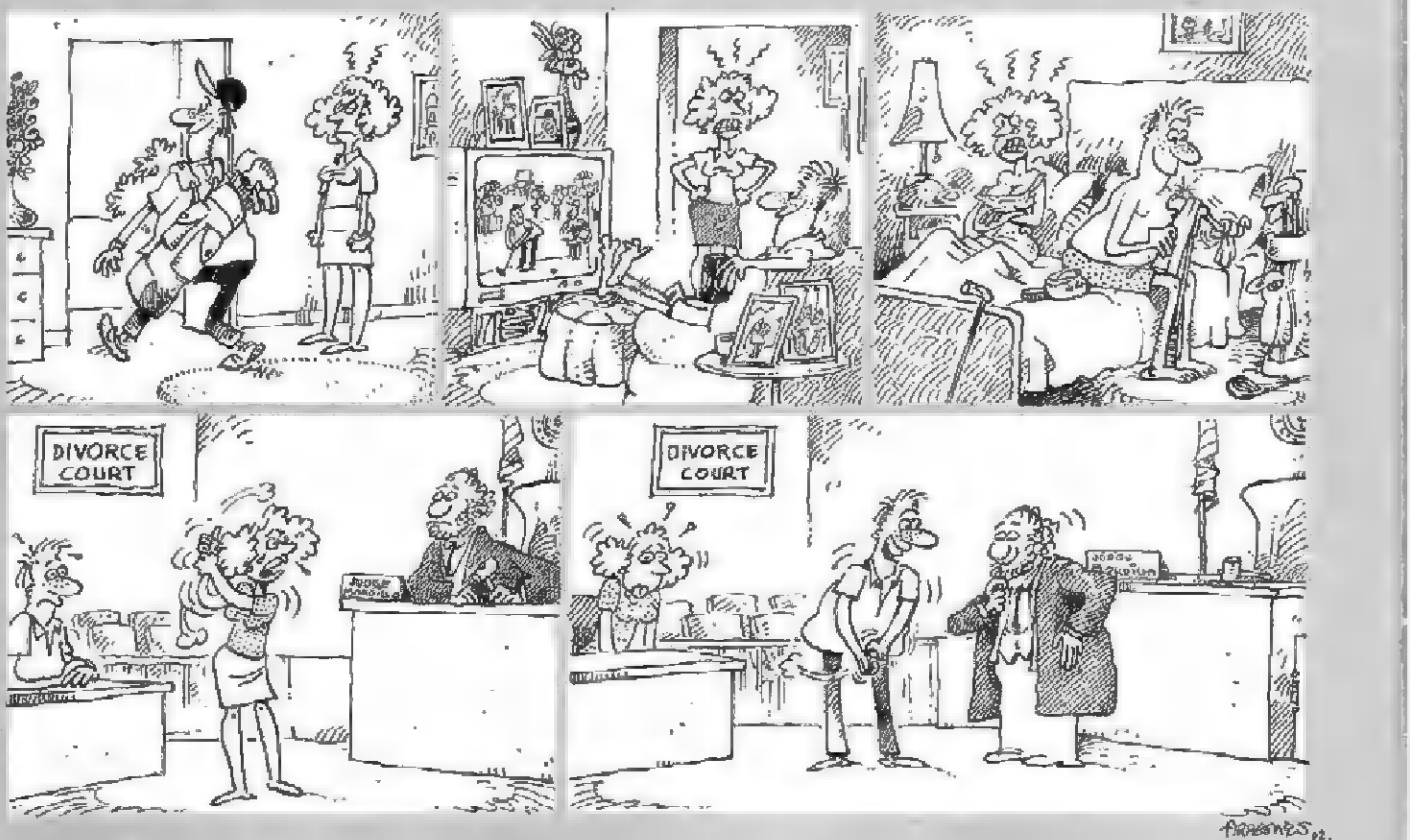
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

t GOLF

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.





MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Thongs for Pre-Teens ♦ Reverends Falwell and Robertson Terrorize Islam ♦ **The Anna Nicole Show: Reality TV Goes Bust** ♦ Zacarias Moussaoui, Esq. ♦ **Ted Williams: From the Batter's Box to the Ice Box** ♦ Ludicrous Pepsi Spokesman Ludacris ♦ **Martha Stewart's Recipe For Cooking Her Own Goose** ♦ Florida's Bush League Election ♦ **The Catholic Church Cover-Up: The Sins Of Our Fathers** ♦ AOL 8.0 ♦ **The Israel/Palestine Conflict: Two Wrongs Do Make A Fight** ♦ MSN 8.0 ♦ The Billy Joel Broadway Musical ♦ **John Ashcroft's TIPS: Ain't Life A Snitch?** ♦ Astronaut Lance Bass ♦ **Corporate Corruption: White-Collar Slime** ♦ Madonna's Movie Career Gets Swept Away ♦ **Olympic Figure Skating: The Agony Of Deceit** ♦ Opie & Anthony Promote Church Sex ♦ **Baseball's Major League Disaster** ♦ Nick Nolte's Mug Shot ♦ **America West Airlines: High In The Sky** ♦ Reverends Jackson and Sharpton Try To Trim Barbershop ♦ **The Choke's On The President** ♦

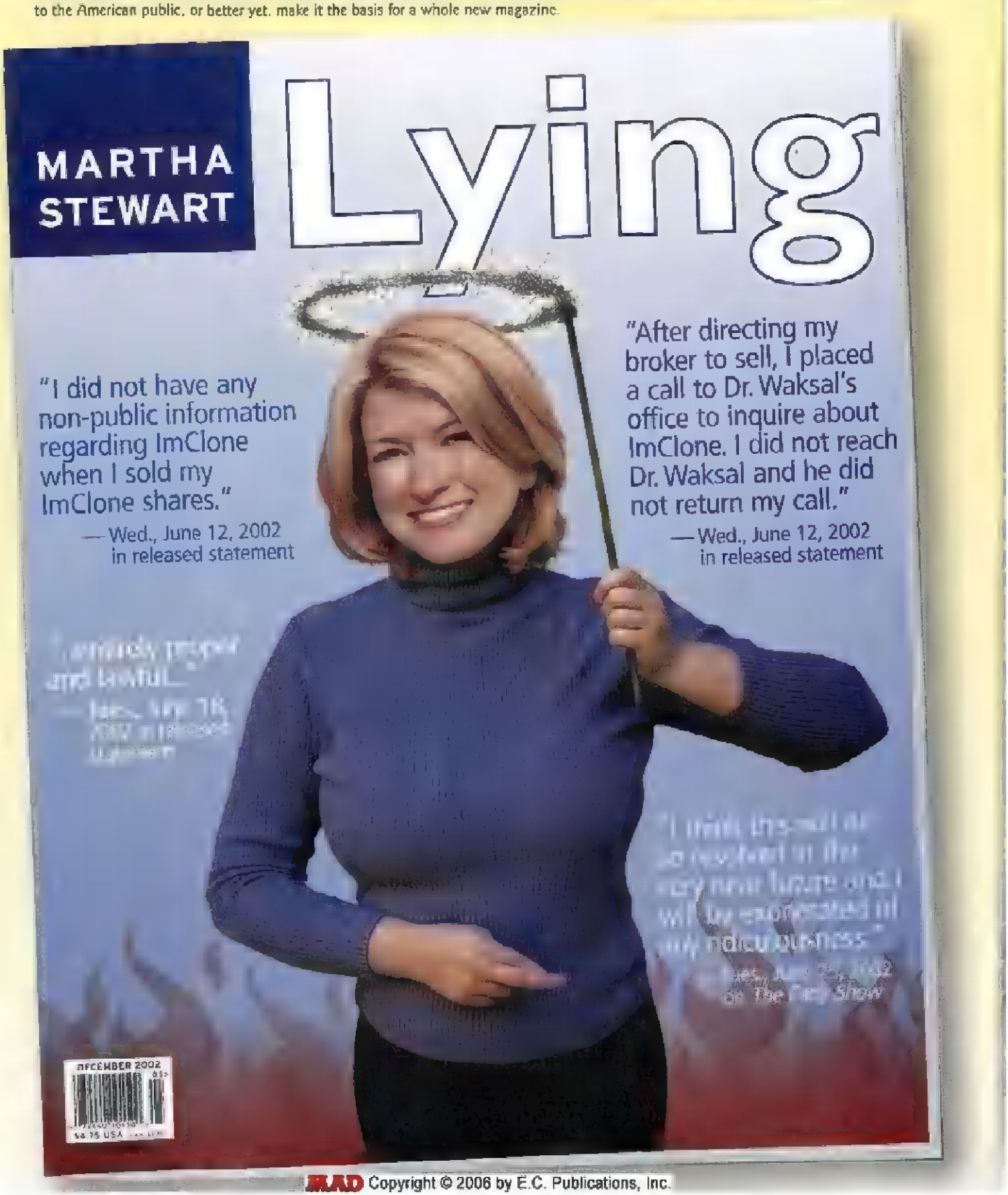
The Dumbest People, Events and Things of 2002!

Britney Flips Out And Flips The Bird ♦ The Bachelor ♦ **Jayson Williams' Foul Shot** ♦ Michael Jackson Plays The Race Card ♦ **Penthouse's Double Fault: The Anna Kournikova Nude Photos** ♦ Randy Moss Takes A Traffic Cop For A Ride ♦ **The Color-Coded Warning System: Homeland Insecurity** ♦ The Return of Walter Mondale ♦ **Mike Tyson Knocks Himself Out** ♦ Mariah Carey's Insane New Record Deal ♦ **FOX: Must-Flee TV** ♦ Terrell Owens' End Zone Autograph ♦ **R. Kelly: I Believe I Can Lie** ♦ Rosie O'Donnell: No More Mr. Nice Guy ♦ **Dead Letter Office: The INS Sends Visas To 9/11 Terrorists** ♦ Mike Piazza: Outed At The Plate? ♦ J Lo's Eight-Month Marriage ♦ The Osbournes ♦ **Stupid Net Tricks: The David Letterman/Ted Koppel Saga** ♦ The President's Month-Long Vacation ♦ **Fatties Vs. Fast Food: The Big Mac Attacked** ♦ MAD Celebrates Its 50th Anniversary

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

1 MARTHA STEWART'S RECIPE FOR COOKING HER OWN GOOSE

Start with one queen of crafts and kitchen and her friend, the president of a hot pharmaceutical company. Add one phone "tip" saying the company's new drug is about to be rejected by the FDA and the company's stock will tank. Set this insider trading mix aside. Now, prepare a tossed salad of denials, obfuscations and non-cooperation with federal regulators and stir in a boiling mad appearance on CBS' *Early Show*. Let the entire stew simmer while the queen's roughly $48,000 savings on the ill-timed stock sell-off becomes a murky broth of declining sales for her magazine and a personal loss of *tens of millions* of dollars in her own company's stock price. Try serving this bad-tasting concoction to the American public, or better yet, make it the basis for a whole new magazine.


MARTHA STEWART
Lying
"I did not have any non-public information regarding ImClone when I sold my ImClone shares."
—Wed., June 12, 2002 in released statement
"After directing my broker to sell, I placed a call to Dr. Waksal's office to inquire about ImClone. I did not reach Dr. Waksal and he did not return my call."
—Wed., June 12, 2002 in released statement
DECEMBER 2002
$4.75 USA

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

2 DEAD LETTER OFFICE: THE INS SENDS VISAS TO 9/11 TERRORISTS

What can we say about a government agency charged with protecting our borders that actually invites terrorists into our country? That it's incompetent? Stupid beyond description? A threat to national security itself? But perhaps we're being too hard on the Immigration and Naturalization Service — after all, the September 11th hijackers they issued student visas to were already dead and in no position to harm us (again). Besides, in the wake of this embarrassing scandal, the INS has promised sweeping changes. We can just imagine what those boneheads have in store.

THE NEW COLOSSAL BLUNDER
GIVE ME YOUR JIHAD, AND MORE:
YOUR SLEEPER AGENTS HATING THAT WE'RE FREE,
THE WRETCHED ZEALOTS SEEKING HOLY WAR.
SEND THESE, THE VICIOUS TERRORISTS TO ME,
I'LL LEAVE VISAS BESIDE THE OPEN DOOR!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

3 MIKE TYSON KNOCKS HIMSELF OUT

Mike Tyson once had it all: a thriving career, a beautiful wife, fabulous riches and even a semblance of his sanity. But somewhere along the way, the soft-spoken Mike took a few too many blows to the head, and his life turned into the most ridiculous boxing saga since V. This week Tyson attacked Lennox Lewis at a press conference announcing their fight, but then inexplicably failed to attack him during the *actual* fight. In fact, "Iron" Mike was so thoroughly humiliated his boxing career is effectively over. We're guessing he won't be able to reinvent himself as a cuddly George Foreman-style infomercial pitchman, but the results will sure be entertaining if he tries!

Hi, I'm MIKE TYSON,
here with my new Lean, Mean, Rage-Inducing Grilling Machine. Now you can fix your favorite things: burgers, steaks, chicken fillets, pork chops, EVANDER HOLYFIELD'S EARS, and fish.
My new machine grills better than #$!%-ing hypocrite reporters grill me about my sociopathic behavior and deteriorating boxing skills!
Your meat don't gotta be cooked in a pool of grease, but you're gonna be lying in a POOL OF BLOOD! You're a little WHITE P#$%Y SCARED OF A REAL MAN! I'll #$!% YOU in the #$% until you love ME AND MY GRILL, F#$!%T!
These little grooves in my grill make the grease go down to this tray, giving you good tasting food. It's pleasin' to all — JUST LIKE FORNICATING! If you don't agree, I'LL RIP YOUR #$!%-ING HEART OUT AND FEED IT BACK TO YOU!!
My grill lets you spend less time in the kitchen and more with your family. My family left me. I want to KICK YOUR CHILDREN IN THE #$!%-ING HEAD AND STOMP ON THEIR TESTICLES SO YOU CAN FEEL MY PAIN! I'LL PUT YOUR MOTHER IN A STRAITJACKET, YOU PUNK-ASS WHITE BOY!!!
ORDER YOURS NOW, @#!$!
WRITER: JEFF KRUSE
ARTIST: DAVE FREEDMAN

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

4 *THE ANNA NICOLE SHOW:* REALITY TV GOES BUST

Just when we thought Reality TV couldn't get any more freakish than *The Osbournes*, more shameless than *The Bachelor* or more revolting than *Fear Factor*, along comes *The Anna Nicole Show* to surpass all three. The former Playmate and trophy wife has seen better days — just like E!, which is eagerly exploiting the bloated trailer trash heifer to boost its perpetually pathetic ratings. One thing's for certain about this train wreck of a TV show — Anna Nicole *has* forever redefined the term "boob tube."

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: JOHN BIEDERMAN

5 FOX: MUST-FLEE TV

They may be trailing pathetically in the Nielsen ratings, but when it comes to shameless, exploitative, low-brow supercrap, FOX leads the pack by a wide margin. With a history of such reality TV "classics" as *Who Wants To Marry A Multimillionaire*, *Temptation Island* and, most recently, *American Idol* (think *The Gong Show* minus the class), these days a FOX programmer's biggest challenge is to create a show that sinks to even deeper, more fetid lows than the shite they've already aired. It's a near impossible task, but we're confident the geniuses at FOX are up to the task.

FOX TV in Association with Producers of American Idol and Celebrity Boxing Presents
THE ULTIMATE REALITY TV EVENT
PAYBACK
NEVERLAST
A SUPER LIGHTWEIGHT BOUT
KELLY CLARKSON VS. JUSTIN GUARINI
American Idol KELLY CLARKSON fought through countless rounds to defeat JUSTIN GUARINI and claim the championship title. Now Guarini's back to challenge Clarkson again — and this time he's out for blood. Brace yourself for what are sure to be the biggest hits of both their careers!
WITH SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES BY:
Simon Cowell, Paula Abdul and Randy Jackson as the judges
The Bachelorettes in Alaska bachelorettes as the ring girls
And the Celebrity Boot Camp drill instructors as the trainers
FOX

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

6 THE ISRAEL/PALESTINE CONFLICT: TWO WRONGS MAKE A FIGHT

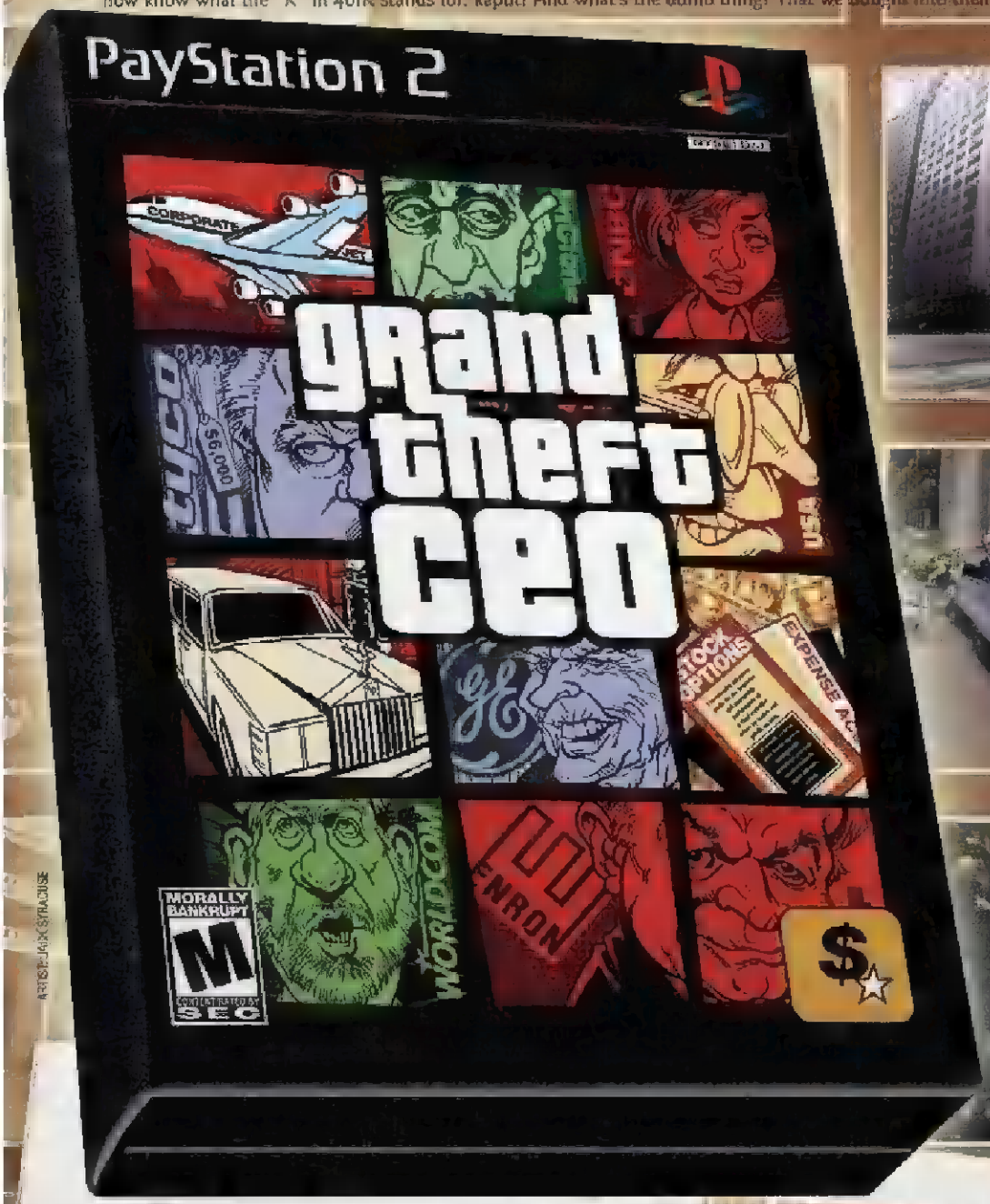
Like a real-life version of our own *Spy Vs. Spy* gone horribly awry, the leaders of Israel and Palestine seem forever engaged in an incredibly deadly game of one-upmanship. Every so often a cease-fire is agreed upon, and occasionally it lasts as long as the average Oscar telecast. Then the violence resumes, with Sharon blaming Arafat, and Arafat blaming Sharon. So who could blame the rest of the world for growing weary of this Unending Series of Unfortunate Events — more unfortunate than any event Lemony Snicket himself could ever dream up?

An Unending Series of Unfortunate Events
THE BETHLEHEM BOMBING
An Unending Series of Unfortunate Events
THE MISGUIDED MARTYR
An Unending Series of Unfortunate Events
THE GORY GAZA
An Unending Series of Unfortunate Events
THE SABOTAGED SUMMIT
An Unending Series of Unfortunate Events
THE OPPRESSIVE OCCUPATION

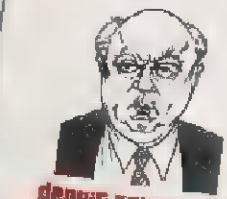
MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

7 CORPORATE CORRUPTION: WHITE-COLLAR SLIME

Where to begin? With the scumbag executives at Enron? The lying, sniveling weasels at Arthur Andersen Accounting? The stinking, steaming pieces of dung at Merrill Lynch and the other brokerage houses of ill repute? The incompetent financial "experts" who advised everyone to invest their life savings in a rigged stock market? And don't even get us started on WorldCom, Tyco, Halliburton or our beloved parent company, AOL (GAK!) Time Warner. You want a financial tip? Invest in companies that make prison uniforms! Because if there is any justice in the universe, every one of these reprehensible, immoral corporate SOBs will spend the rest of their ugly lives rotting in an 8 x 10 dank prison cell. Thanks to them, we now know what the "K" in 401K stands for: kaput! And what's the dumb thing? That we bought into their corrupt game to begin with.



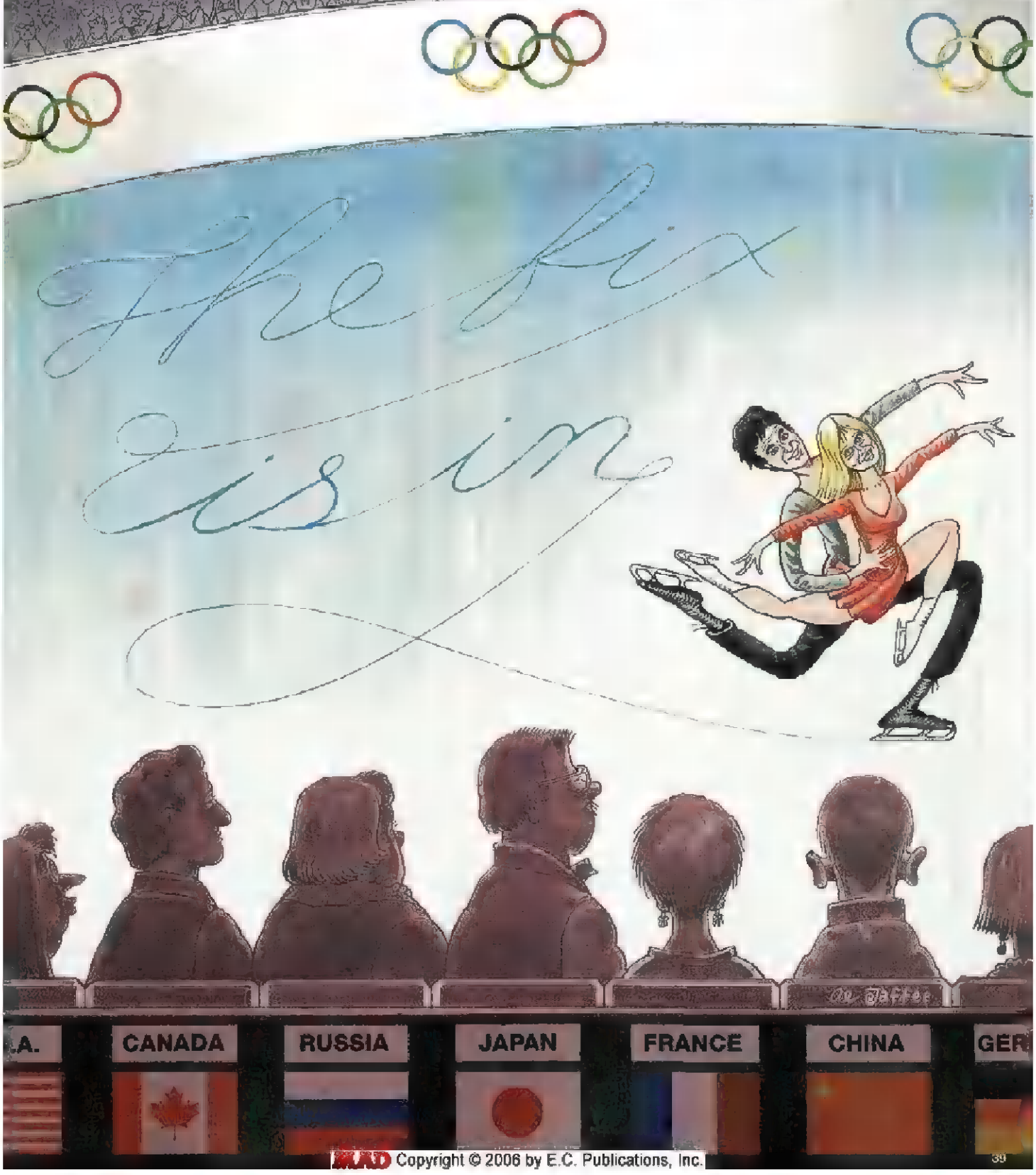
ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE



MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

8 OLYMPIC FIGURE SKATING: THE AGONY OF DECEIT

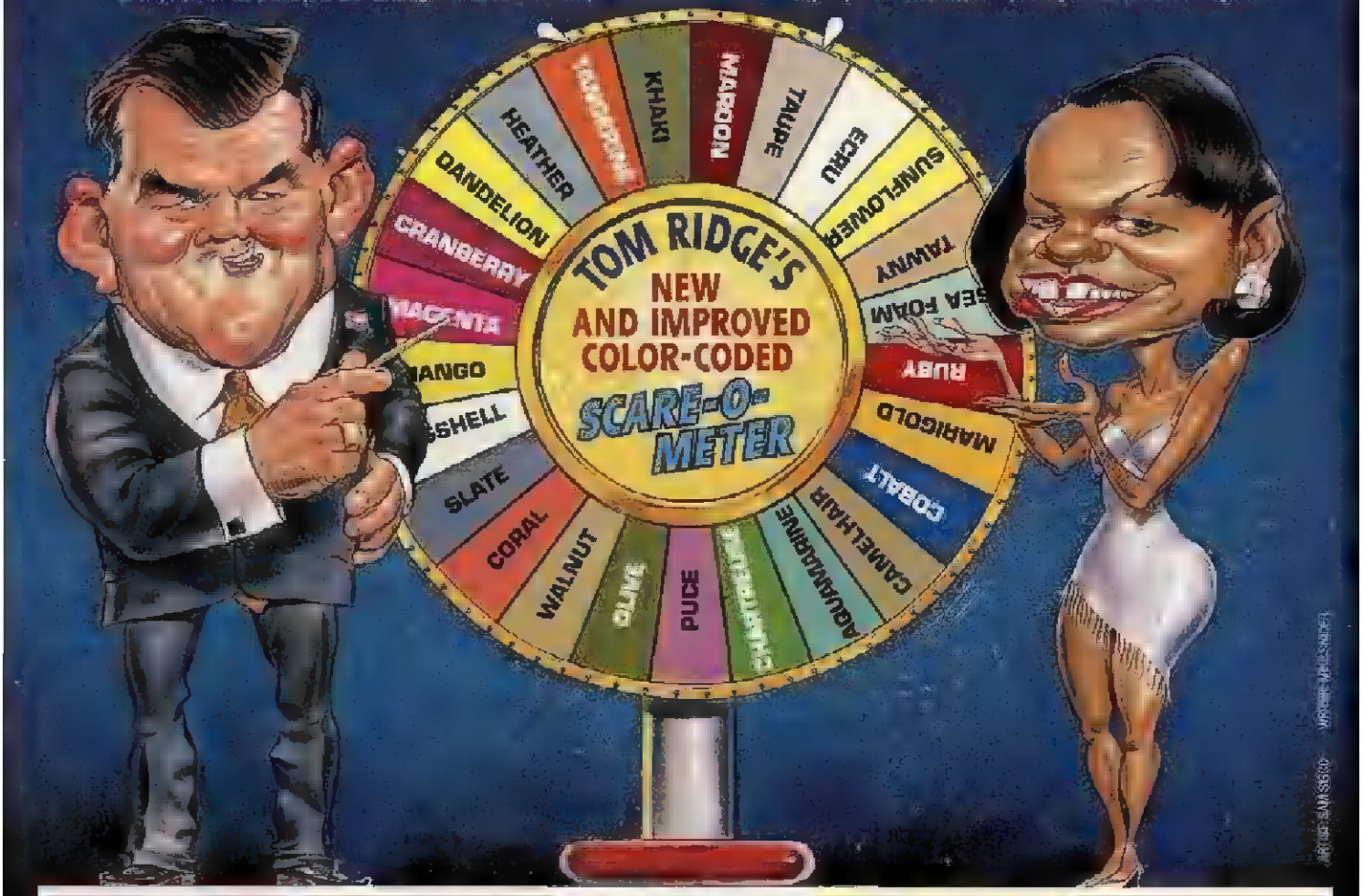
The Olympics have a long and storied tradition dating all the way back to ancient civilization – just like corruption. So it shouldn't have surprised anyone when it was discovered that a French judge took a bribe to throw the gold medal the Russian skaters' way. Ultimately, the scandal involved high-ranking Olympic committee members, the Russian mafia and, according to a few, the [illegible] official Olympic mascot Powder, the snowshoe hare. The end result [illegible] for the shafted Canadian team: a solution even more awkward and precarious than [illegible]



MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

9 THE COLOR-CODED WARNING SYSTEM: HOMELAND INSECURITY

As far as we can tell, the only thing that Tom Ridge has done since becoming our first Homeland Security Chief is come up with a convoluted, ineffective and largely ignored color-coded terrorist warning system. Like a nation-wide game of "Twister," we were supposed to somehow respond based on Tommy's choice of pigment. The system was met with cries of "Huh?" and "Ooooh, that's pretty!" Of course, both of those comments came from the President himself, but the rest of the public was a tad less impressed. After all, what can you tell from a selection of just five colors? Even Lucky Charms gets eight! For the multitude of threats facing us, we obviously need more colors than you can find in a J. Crew catalog. We're sure it's only a matter of time until Ridge agrees — and hopefully, Ridge is on their mailing list!



MAROON
A vacuum Arabic-looking man seen at Internet cafe logging onto Travelocity.com

TAUPE
Olive-skinned fellow spotted scanning store map at Mall of America, claiming to be "looking for Foot Locker"

ECRU
Orrin Hatch overheard whispering to Antonin Scalia, "If I were you, I'd head ass out of here!"

SUNFLOWER
Sunn county corn records man wearing large sneakers trying to buy a Bic lighter at an Ace hardware store

TAWNY
Secret Service scrambled after reportedly seeing Osama bin Laden taking White House tour

CAMELHAIR
Amtrak derailment not immediately attributable to normal engineer incompetence

RUBY
Al Qaeda rumored to be planning expanded Help Wanted ads on Monster.com

MARIGOLD
Guy in turban asked Continental flight attendant if in-flight meal includes hummus

COBALT
Wise-ass in airport security line made joke about having a dirty bomb in my pants.

SEA FOAM
Mysterious white powder discovered on counter of Washington, D.C. Dunkin' Donuts

AQUAMARINE
[illegible]th hijacker Zacarias Moussaoui "outs one" during court appearance – may be coded message to Al Qaeda

CHARTREUSE
[illegible]

PUCE
"Pizza is gay" gossip resurfacing in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia

OLIVE
[illegible]

WALNUT
Newark Federal Building evacuated due to inability to quickly translate dirty limerick in Arabic on men's room wall

CORAL
Rudy Giuliani goes back to silly "comb-over" look — seen as a signal for everyone to return to normalcy – lowest warning level

SLATE
Al Jazeera announces plans for *American Idol*-type talent program

EGGSHELL
Al Qaeda launching informal negotiations with "Stone Cold" Steve Austin

MANGO
Entire cast of *The West Wing* rumored to have been moved to a secure, undisclosed location

MAGENTA
[illegible]

CRANBERRY
Theory that mindless on-air chatter between Regis and Kelly may contain secret code for terrorist sleeper-cell in U.S. gaining credibility

DANDELION
Intercepted phone conversation reveals Mullah Umar called to reserve the movie *The Sum of All Fears* at Karachi Blockbuster

HEATHER
Talk-radio show first-time caller worried of another 9/11, saying, "I can feel it in my bones!"

TANGERINE
[illegible]

KHAKI
Mysterious white powder discovered in dressing room at Orlesi

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

10 THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SEX ABUSE COVER-UP: THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS

For years, the Catholic Church has been warning us about the societal dangers to our nation's youth. Who knew that the biggest danger to kids came from their own perverted priests, who were more interested in the body of altar boy Timmy than the body of Christ! The sickeningly smug bishops and cardinals, led by Boston's Cardinal Bernard Law, made the disastrous situation even more disastrous with their loathsome policy of "admit nothing, deny," while quietly shipping the horny "holy men" from unsuspecting parish to unsuspecting parish. Warning to all of you: the next time a priest advises you to "turn the other cheek," run.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

11 BASEBALL STRIKES OUT: A MAJOR LEAGUE DISASTER

There may not be many knuckleballers left in baseball, but judging by the way everyone associated with the league behaved this year, there's no shortage of knuckleheads. Our nation's pastime appears to be in even more trouble than our nation's economy. Things have gotten so bad that the San Francisco Giants apparently needed to make ends meet by running a day-care program during the World Series! And instead of addressing the real problems, Major League Baseball will probably just scheme up more gimmicks like bobblehead doll giveaways and "Fan Appreciation" nights to distract us. In fact, if you listen closely, you can hear the ominous sound of Thunderstix in the distance...

Wreckin' Baseball

(sung to the tune of "Talkin' Baseball")

The players were pissed off,
Ev'ry offer they kissed off,
Behavin' like a bunch of greedy jocks!
All the owners scoffed, "Who cares?
"We're a gang of billionaires!"
And the helpless fans soon realized the game was on the rocks!

They're wreckin' baseball!
Another strike was loomin'!
Wreckin' baseball!
Our great sport they were doomin'!
Their game plan just puts fans at a loss!
We wish the umps could give these chumps the toss!
These chumps like Selig, A-Rod and the Boss!

The Marlins were dyin'!
The Blue Jays hardly tryin'!
Poor Montreal, there's no one in the stands!
The Commish upchucked a shout,
"We'll contract the Expos out!
"And likewise get those good-for-nothing Twins off of our hands!"

They're wreckin' baseball!
The parking fees will soak you!
Wreckin' baseball!
The beer you bought just broke you!
The All-Star Game, declared a tie this year!
Small wonder that we've had it up to here!
With slime like agents, networks and Don Fehr!

Each week comes a rumor,
Welcome as a tumor,
Such as steroids being used to enhance play!
The press on the loose,
With hot gossip of pot use,
As well as Mike Piazza being more than just a trifle gay!

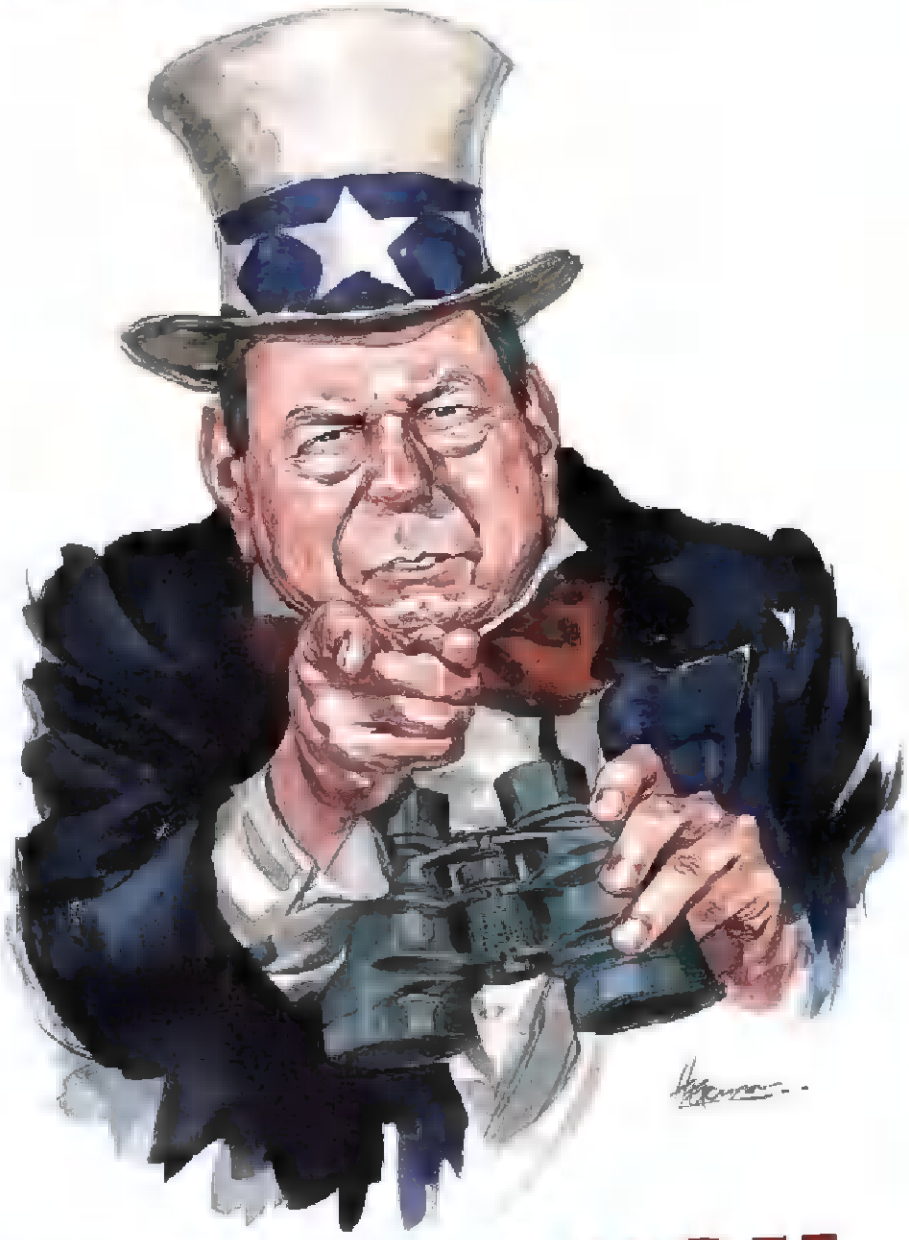
They're wreckin' baseball!
New stadiums they're makin'!
Wreckin' baseball!
While taxpayers get taken!
Good ratings now are nothing but a fluke!
The Rally Monkey makes us want to puke!
We sure miss Willie, Mickey and the Duke!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

12 JOHN ASHCROFT'S TIPS: AIN'T LIFE A SNITCH?

Question: what's the best way to protect our freedom-loving way of life from terrorists? Answer: strip us of our civil liberties! Such is the nonsensically un-American thinking of Attorney General John "Big Brother" Ashcroft. His "Terrorism Information and Prevention System" — better known as TIPS — would have turned ordinary citizens like your cable guy into a government-sponsored peeping Tom who would report back to the feds with any "suspicious" behavior — say, for example, if he caught a glimpse of you engaged in the highly subversive act of preparing a tabooli salad. Thankfully, TIPS never really got off the ground because even Ashcroft's lunatic right wing cronies thought it was too extreme.

Hey Ashcroft, here's a tip for you: read the Constitution.



I WANT YOU TO SPY ON YOUR NEIGHBORS

(And your family, and your friends, and your co-workers, and your landlord, and your minister, and your classmates, and your teacher, and the UPS guy, and that guy who works at the one-hour photo place. And don't forget the cashiers at the supermarket, and any pedestrian or driver you happen to see. Oh, and the newspaper boy and the bank teller. You never know what they're up to.)

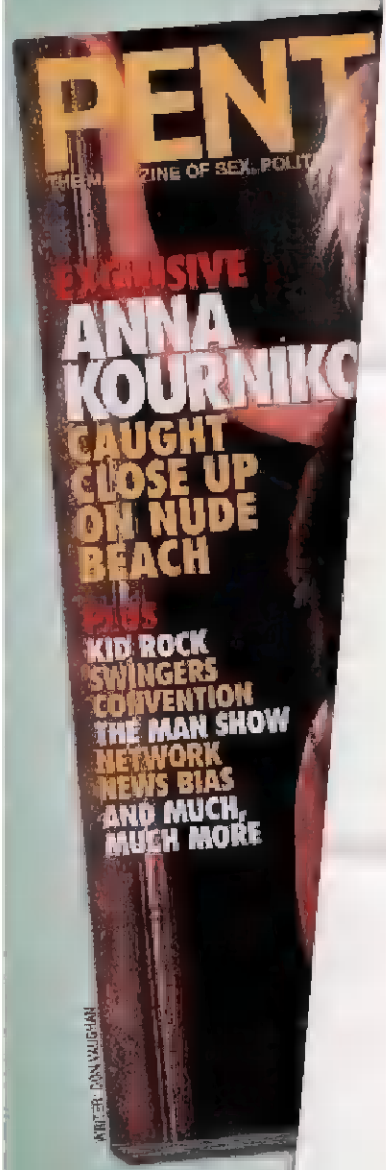
ARTIST: HERMANN MEDINA

WRITER: STEVE BECKWITH

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

13 *PENTHOUSE*'S DOUBLE FAULT: THE ANNA KOURNIKOVA NUDE PHOTOS

June's issue of *Penthouse* trumpeted exclusive topless photos of hot tennis babe Anna Kournikova. A publishing coup of this magnitude could send sales skyrocketing, especially amongst internet smut freaks who till now had to make due with poorly-doctored pictures of Kournikova's head on someone else's (usually a woman's) naked body. (Joke: How can you tell a picture of Anna Kournikova is phony? If it shows her winning at Wimbledon, it's a fake!) But in a cruel twist of fate, it turned out the photos of Kournikova weren't Kournikova. *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione was sued and forced to issue a limp apology to both women. For once, it was nice to see "The Gooch" as the one caught with his pants down. Nonetheless, we'd also like to see an apology to his readers for over 30 years of other *Penthouse* misdeeds.



PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

Dear *Penthouse* Reader:

It has come to our attention, as this issue goes to press, that the photographs we published in the June issue of *Penthouse*, which we described as being of tennis star Anna Kournikova sunbathing topless on a public beach, are, in fact, pictures of another woman. We deeply regret this unintentional error and offer heartfelt apologies to both women.

While we're at it, we at *Penthouse* would also like to apologize for the following transgressions:

- Trying to pass ourselves off as a magazine of even marginal social importance when, in fact, we're nothing more than whacking material for bored truck drivers.
- Charging $7.99 an issue — when 3/4 of it is nothing but ads for penis enlargers, sex toys, phone sex companies and badly made porno movies.
- Punishing readers with 25 years of "advice" from Xaviera, an obese former hooker whose star should have faded when her first unreadable book landed in the remainder bin at Barnes & Noble.
- Going hardcore and trying to justify it by calling it "freedom of sexual expression." Our sales were plummeting, we were desperate — and we'd like to apologize for the entire ugly mess. Especially that whole peeing thing. We don't know how that got started and, frankly, we don't want to know.
- Printing offensive jokes by Howard Stern lapdog Jackie Martling that were ancient when Eisenhower was president, and then labeling them "topical humor."
- All the other ridiculous mistakes we're sure to make between now and when we finally go bankrupt — which, judging from the books, won't be that long from now.

Sincerely,

Bob Guccione

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

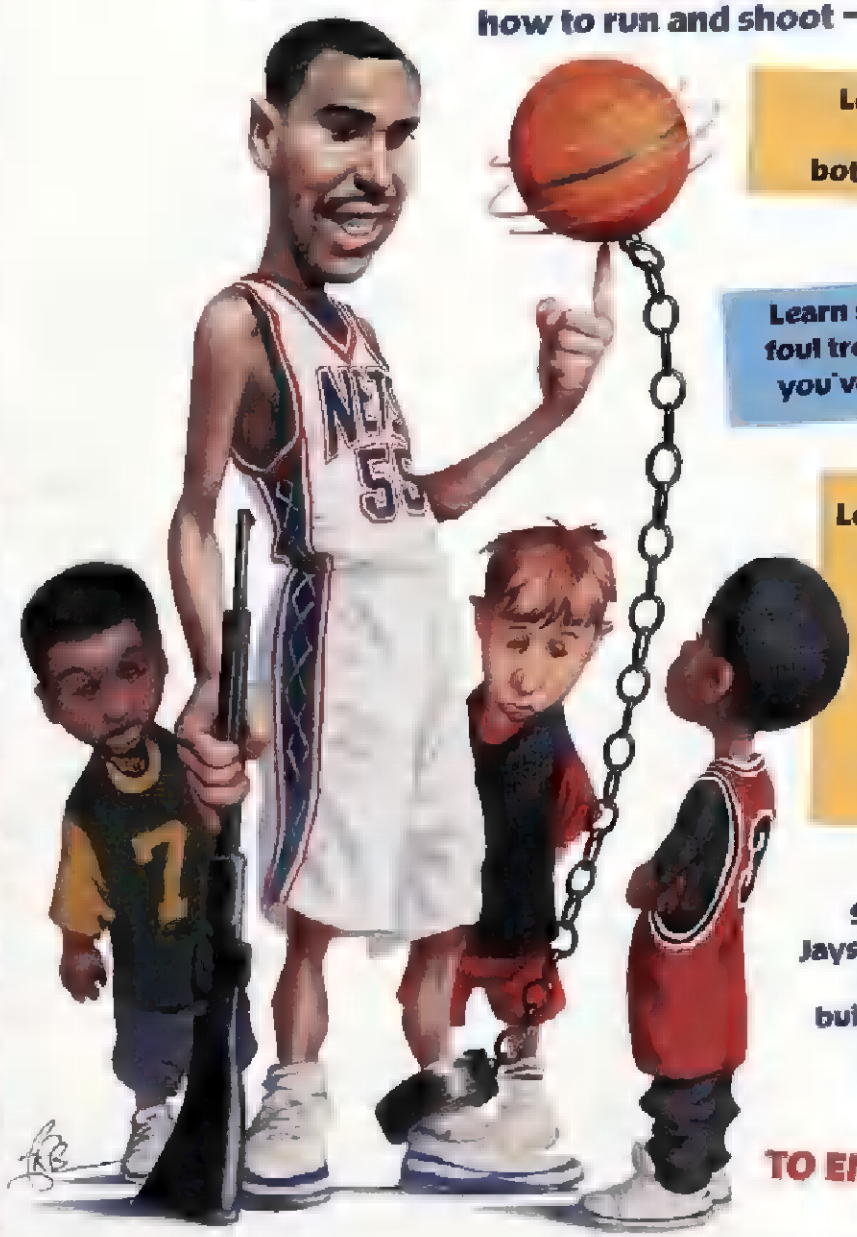
14 JAYSON WILLIAMS' FOUL SHOT

In the NBA playing days, Jayson Williams was known as an awful shooter, and obviously that's still the case. While giving a tour of his mansion, the onetime New Jersey [illegible] drinking heavily and twirling a loaded shotgun (like any good host). When he accidentally fired at and killed a chauffeur, he drew up a cowardly and despicable game plan to make it look like a suicide. But the indisputable evidence supports another theory: guns don't kill people; reckless, drunken, coddled multimillionaire ex-basketball players kill people.

THE Jayson Williams BASKETBALL CAMP

Hey kids,

former NBA All-Star Jayson Williams will teach you how to run and shoot — only in reverse order!



Learn all the tricky moves you'll need to win both on — and IN — the court!

Learn strategies for getting out of foul trouble (you hope), even when you've committed a flagrant one!

Learn all the fundamental skills you'll need to be successful:

- Executing properly
- Keeping a cool head after you've taken a bad shot
- Getting spectators involved in the action
- Carrying out a game plan when you're up against the clock
- Avoiding a charge

So come and join us at the Jayson Williams Basketball Camp, where the emphasis is on building a strong defense and — depending on how things play out — rebounding!

TO ENROLL, CALL 555-FELON

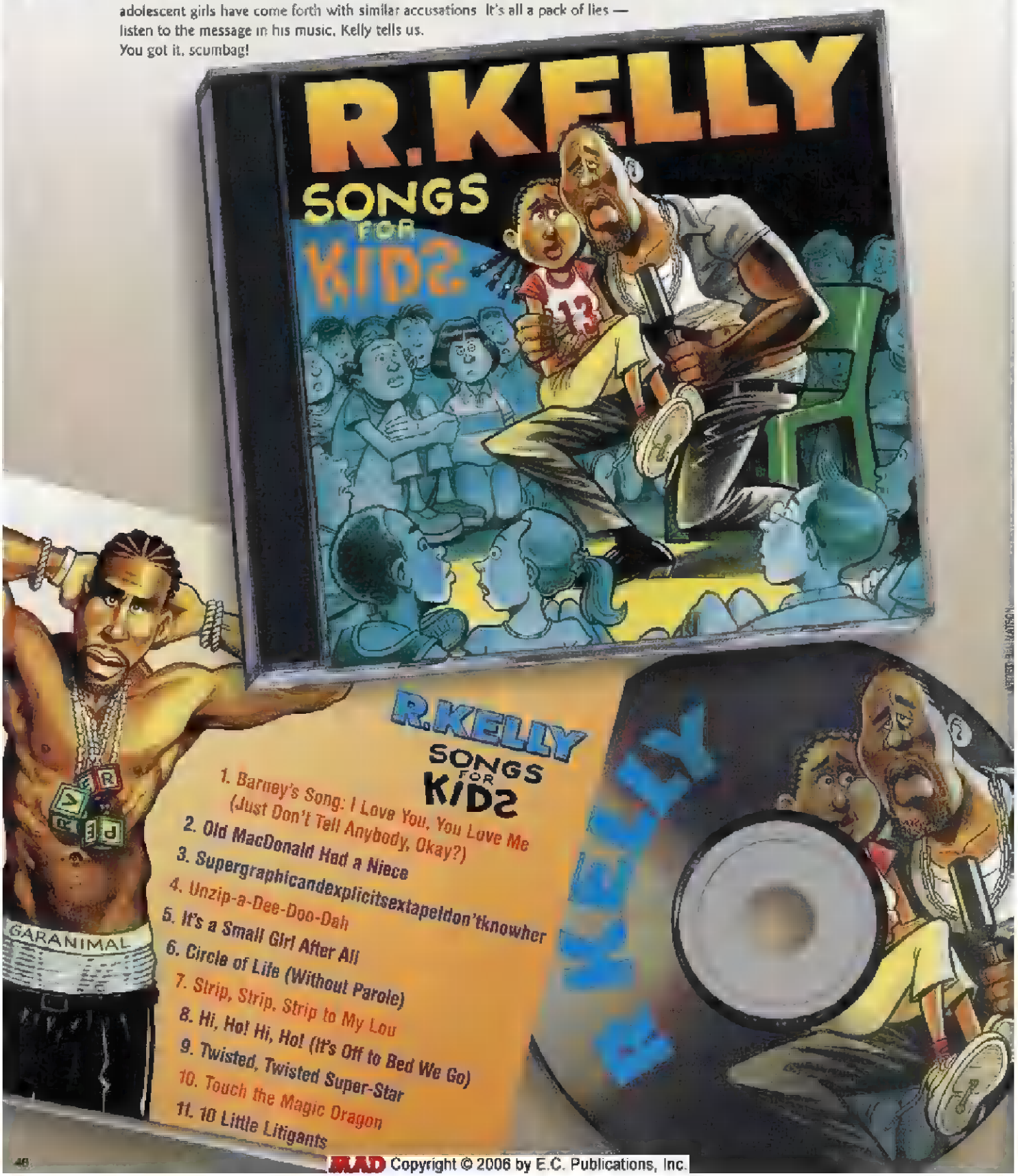
NOTE: THE JAYSON WILLIAMS BASKETBALL CAMP IS NOT AFFILIATED WITH THE RANDY MOSS DRIVER'S EDUCATION SCHOOL, THE LATRELL SPREWELL SELF-DEFENSE COURSE, THE KIRBY PUCKETT DATING SERVICE OR THE ALLEN IVERSON MARITAL COUNSELING PROGRAM.

ARTIST: JAMES BENNETT WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

15 R. KELLY: I BELIEVE I CAN LIE

The art of the celebrity denial in the face of mounting criminal evidence was elevated to creepy new heights this year by R. Kelly. The R+B star insisted the videotape showing him doing the "bump n' grind" with a 14-year-old was a fake and that he had no interest in underaged hotties. Never mind that he *married* Aaliyah when she was the ripe old age of...um, 15. Never mind that he quietly settled out of court with two *other* youngsters who claimed he coerced them into having sex with him. And never mind that still more adolescent girls have come forth with similar accusations. It's all a pack of lies — listen to the message in his music, Kelly tells us. You got it, scumbag!


R.KELLY
SONGS FOR KIDZ
13
R.KELLY
SONGS FOR KIDZ
1. Barney's Song: I Love You, You Love Me (Just Don't Tell Anybody, Okay?)
2. Old MacDonald Had a Niece
3. Supergraphicandexplicitsextapeldon'tknowher
4. Unzip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah
5. It's a Small Girl After All
6. Circle of Life (Without Parole)
7. Strip, Strip, Strip to My Lou
8. Hi, Ho! Hi, Ho! (It's Off to Bed We Go)
9. Twisted, Twisted Super-Star
10. Touch the Magic Dragon
11. 10 Little Litigants
GARANIMAL
R.KELLY

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

16 AMERICA WEST AIRLINES: HIGH IN THE SKY

May we have your attention readers, this is your editor speaking. Please fasten your seatbelts, as we're be going over the rocky, turbulent story of two America West Airlines pilots who, in July, made an unannounced layover at a local watering hole just hours before planning to fly 124 passengers from Miami to Phoenix. If you look carefully, you will notice the irresponsible flight attendants who didn't notify the authorities about the highly-fueled aviators. You might also observe the uncharacteristically vigilant airport security people reporting the soused pilots as they stumble aboard the plane. Guns in the cockpit? How about breathalyzers? Please notice that we have turned on the "No Fooling" sign. We ask you to remain seated until our satiric commentary comes to a complete stop.

ABSOLUT AMERICA WEST.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

17 STUPID NET TRICKS: THE DAVID LETTERMAN/TED KOPPEL SAGA

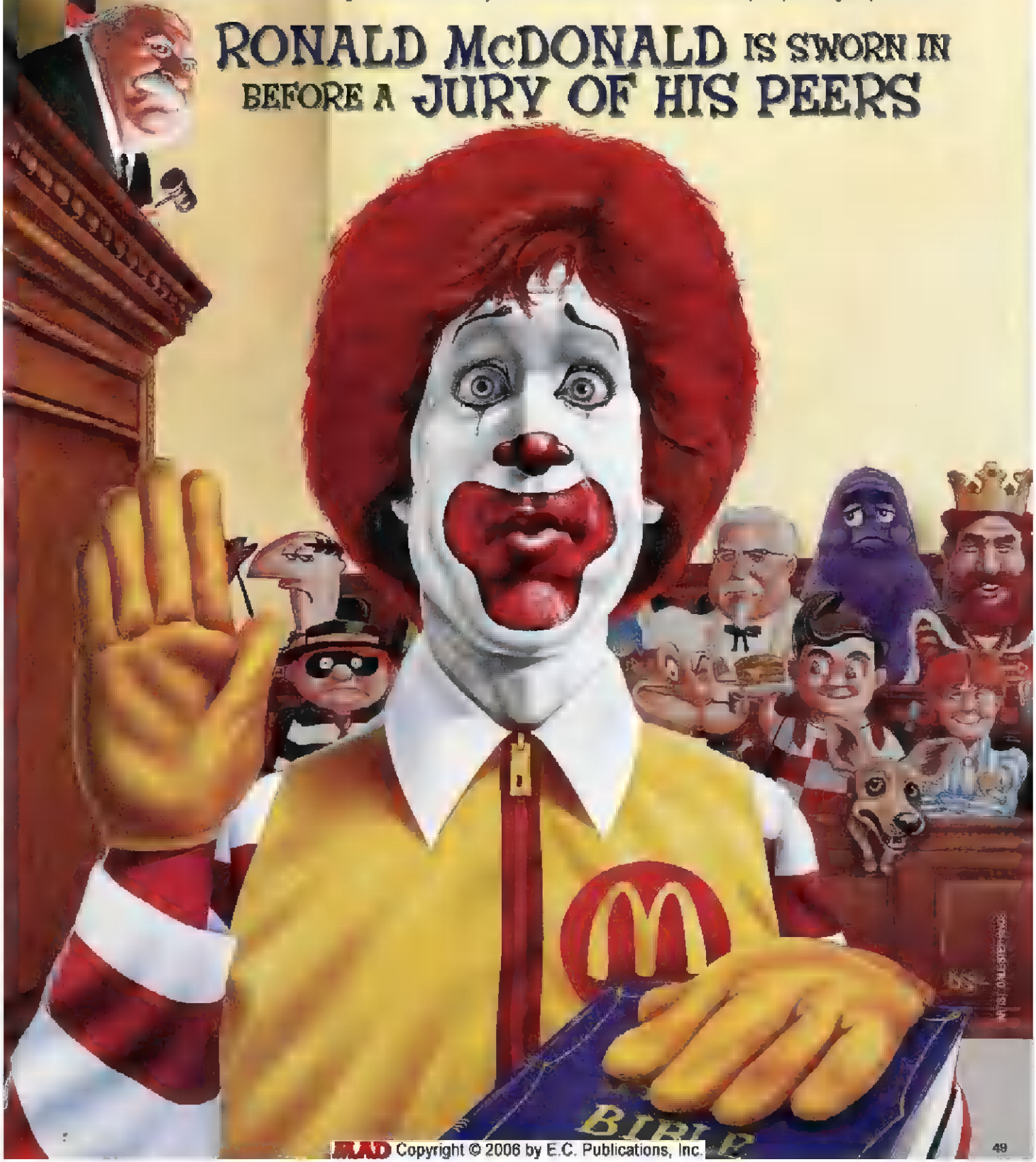
Forever inept at coming up with a successful entertainment show for the crucial 11:30 PM time slot, ABC has long been dependent on *Nightline* to garner respectable, if not large, ratings in the late night Nielsens war — even if the bulk of the audience was made up of the "over-50" demographic. Determined to attract a younger audience, the network courted the perpetually underachieving David Letterman. They attempted to lure the gap-toothed clown from CBS, while the publicly humiliated Ted Koppel seethed at the prospect of being replaced by a goofball with half his intelligence. The funny thing is, last we checked, Letterman was still stuck at CBS and Koppel was still pissed at ABC. Even so, we can't help but wonder how Dave would have changed his act had he gotten the ABC gig...

THIS WEEK ON
LATE NIGHTLINE
with David Letterman
STUPID INTERNATIONAL PET TRICKS
SLO-MO REPLAY
JOIN DAVE FOR ALL THE FUN!
MONDAY:
• May we see your nuclear installation surveillance photos, please?
• Palestinian Supermarket Finds
TUESDAY:
• Dave's Mom interviews Madeleine Albright from across the street with ■ bullhorn
• Know Your Fatwas
• Can a guy in a bear suit get into the World Economic Congress?
WEDNESDAY:
• Former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft — Will He Float?
• Mujibur & Sirajul attempt to get past airport security
THURSDAY:
• American Roundtable: dumb guys try ■ pronounce towns in Afghanistan
• Biff Henderson's tour of ■ secure, undisclosed location
FRIDAY:
• Rupert Jee gets racially profiled
• Janet Reno talks about her career, her policies and then stands on a desk and flashes Dave
• ABC Anthrax-Infected Viewer Mailbag
abc Weeknights 11:30/10:30c
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND WRITER: RUSS COOPER
cocoTOS

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

18 FATTIES VS. FAST FOOD: THE BIG MAC ATTACKED

Here's a whopper of a dilemma: which side to root for in a boneheaded lawsuit that pits the overpriced, greasy fast food industry against brain-dead fatasses and their overpriced, greasy lawyers. At the risk of giving the false impression that we're shamelessly courting the fast food industry's big advertising bucks (by the way, for all your MAD advertising needs, simply call David McKillips at 212-636-5520), we must declare the lawsuit filed against Ronald McDonald, ■ al. by a bunch of grotesquely overweight, Big Mac munchin', milk-shake chuggin' mouth-breathers a super-sized waste of everyone's time. No jury will ever believe that fast food franchises somehow tricked innocent, health-conscious defendants and turned them into morbidly obese sad sacks. But we think there's mounting evidence that all those billions and billions of burgers and fries that they consumed *did* turn them into incredibly stupid and greedy McMorons.



MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

19 TED WILLIAMS: FROM THE BATTER'S BOX TO THE ICE BOX

Ted Williams may have been the last baseball player to bat .400, but when it comes to ridiculously bad ideas, his son, John Henry, is batting a thousand. No sooner had the Splendid Splinter been ejected from the game of life, than the junior Williams implemented the less-than-splendid plan to cryogenically freeze the old-timer. The theory was that the slugger's DNA should be preserved for future generations. (Frankly, we'd rather see his pre-juiced-ball-era hitting statistics live on.) We can only imagine how this half-baked (or yet to be defrosted) idea will be acknowledged at Cooperstown...

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.
ARTIST: MICHAEL KOELSCH

FROM WHAT DEADLY THREAT DOES THE SECRET SERVICE REMAIN HELPLESS TO PROTECT THE PRESIDENT?

HERE WE GO WITH A SPECIAL EDITION

MAD 20 FOLD-IN

In these deadly and uncertain times, with threats from Osama, Al Qaeda, home grown kooks and even opposing party zealots, the Secret Service must be on their toes more than ever to protect our Commander in Chief. But even with all their diligent planning and weaponry, it is clear that the President is not completely safe. To find out what this most deadly threat is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

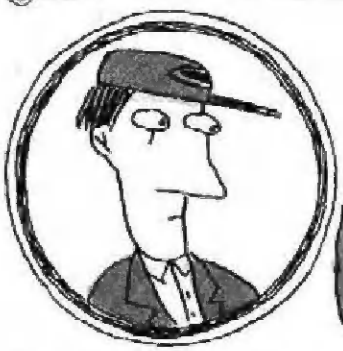
A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

THREATS CAN COME FROM OUT OF NOWHERE IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES. OUR SECRET SERVICE CAN PREVENT MANY DANGERS, BUT NOT ALL OF THEM. MOSTLY, THEY WAIT AND WATCH WITH UTMOST ZEAL TO PROTECT THE PRESIDENT FROM EVERY EVIL

A

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

B



Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY AND MY COUSIN GAVE ME A FREE LIFETIME TRIAL GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR SOMETHING CALLED SUBCONSCIOUS REGRESSION THERAPY.

LEARN MORE THAN YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF FOR FREE

GEEZ! I DIDN'T EVEN INVITE THIS GUY TO THE SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY I WAS HAVING FOR MYSELF.

WHEN I SHOWED UP IT TURNED OUT THAT THE PSYCHIATRIST WAS MY COUSIN.

YOU KNOW I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE RUDE AND INSENSITIVE TO ME AT FAMILY EVENTS

THIS COUCH IS REALLY KILLING MY BACK!

FOR THE SECOND SESSION WE WENT ON A FIELD TRIP.

UNCLE STAN INSISTED YOU WERE A MISERABLE LITTLE WORM AND WANTED TO PUSH YOU OFF THIS CLIFF.

I SHOULD HAVE NEVER STOPPED GOING TO MY CHIROPRACTOR.

MY COUSIN COULDN'T MAKE IT TO THE THIRD SESSION BUT HE HAD ONE OF MY OTHER RELATIVES COVER FOR HIM.

I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK BECAUSE GROWING UP WITH SOMEONE LIKE ME AS A FATHER MUST HAVE BEEN PURE HELL, BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH I ALWAYS WISHED YOUR MOTHER HAD USED A BETTER FORM OF BIRTH CONTROL.

SOON I REALIZED THIS KIND OF THING JUST WASN'T FOR ME.

YOU KNOW IF I HAD AN UNTRACEABLE ILLEGAL HANDGUN I'D SHOOT YOU

THANKS FOR THE GIFT CERTIFICATE, BUT IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU I'D LIKE TO REDEEM IT FOR THE REST OF ITS CASH VALUE

IN THE END, I PUT THE BALANCE OF THE CERTIFICATE TO GOOD USE.

ACTUALLY, I THINK YOUR WHOLE PROBLEM IS PSYCHOSOMATIC. YOU SHOULD GET SOME SUBCONSCIOUS REGRESSION THERAPY.

CHIROPRACTOR

P.C. VEY

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

PLAY IT AGAIN, MAN

AND AGAIN

AND AGAIN

The outrageous 3D puzzle game with wild rave music and crazy bubble-popping action.

Groove as one of the five cool DJ poppers, each with a unique power-up and rocking moves.

150 levels of non-stop bubble popping action, the more bubbles you burst, the faster they come.

jaleco ENTERTAINMENT

RUNECRAFT

PlayStation

XBOX

NINTENDO GAMECUBE

GAME BOY ADVANCE

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Entertainment. All rights reserved. Jaleco Entertainment and the Jaleco Entertainment logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Jaleco Entertainment in the United States and other Limited™. Microsoft, Xbox, and the Xbox logos are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the U.S. and/or other countries and are used under license "PlayStation" and the "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. TM, ® and the Nintendo GameCube logo are trademarks of Nintendo. TM, ® and Boy Advance logo are trademarks of Nintendo.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Patent No. 9,008,343

INVENTOR: MIKE METZGER

MOTO X BACKFLIP SNOW TO SNOW

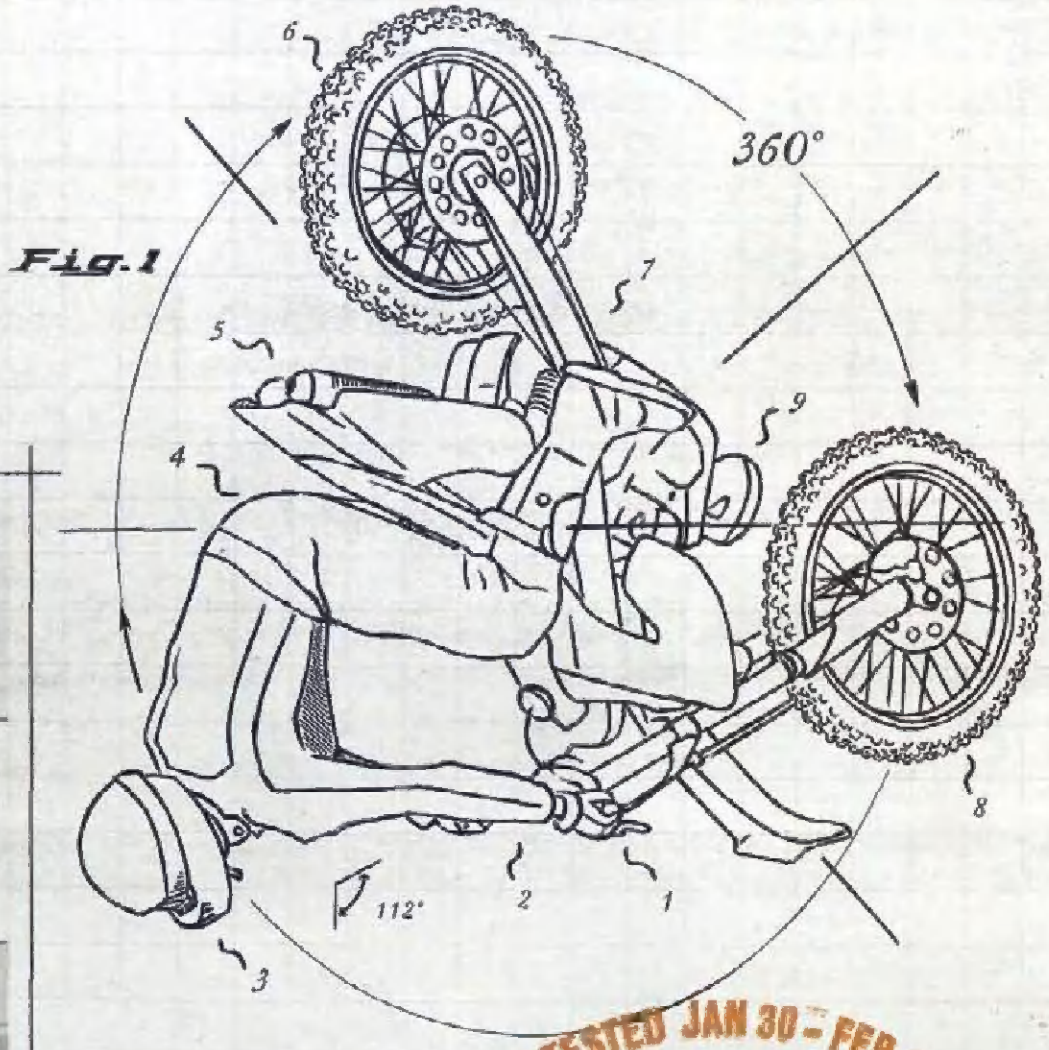


Fig.1

Operational Seq:

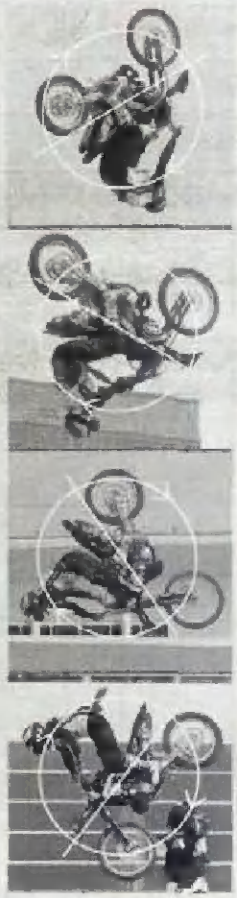


fig.2

TESTED JAN 30 - FEB 4 2003

AT

WINTER Games ASPEN VII

THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

SEE IT HAPPEN ON:

ESPN, ESPN2, ABC, EXPN.COM

©2002 ESPN, Inc.

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.